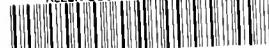


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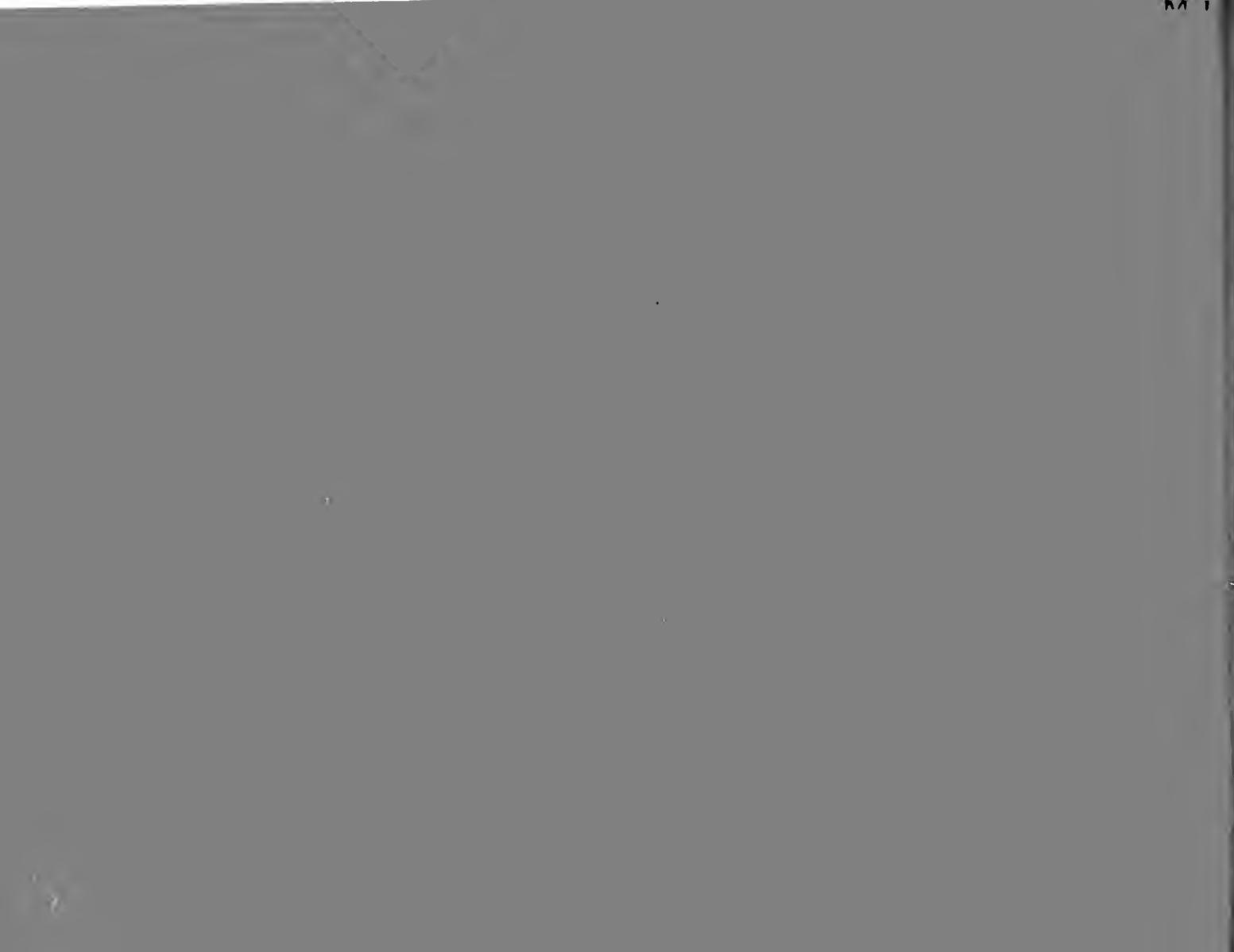
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THE PIERIAN

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PIERIAN
1913



PIERRE
1913







THE PIERIAN

BY

The Class of 1913

RICHMOND HIGH SCHOOL

RICHMOND, INDIANA

JUNE, 1913

795

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Fort Wayne, IN 46801-2270

TO THE MEMBERS OF THE

RICHMOND SCHOOL BOARD

WHO HAVE SO GRACIOUSLY AIDED US
IN MAKING THIS BOOK
A SUCCESS

2016968

Editorial

WO years have elapsed since the last publication of the "Pierian." During that time, naturally, some changes have taken place in the Richmond High School. But it is not these few events that this, the annual of 1913, is intended to make known. Far from that, its chief purpose is to portray the daily life of the students and to typify as clearly as possible the fortunes and—yes—the failures of all who are continually within its halls. It is intended to represent not to any special body of people but to all—the Faculty, Seniors, Student-body, Alumni and friends of the school—the life of our High School as it actually is from day to day. The class of 1913 having almost completed the course and being about to depart from its alma mater, after a four year's sojourn here, has published, with the assistance of the Juniors, this, the fourth year-book of the Richmond High School. It is published with the sincere wish that its readers will be quick to notice wherein, if anywhere, it excels, and slow to find the blemish, remembering that those who have had charge of its publication have put forth every effort in their endeavor to make it the best book of its kind published anywhere. For the achievement (if we may call it so) of this purpose, we wish to thank the members of the School Board, the Faculty, and the entire student-body for their hearty and most helpful co-operation and assistance at all times; upon which, without doubt, the success of this book chiefly depends.



KENT MORSE
ASSISTANT EDITOR



ROBERT JACKSON
CIRCULATION MANAGER

EXECUTIVE STAFF



ELEANOR GIFFORD
EDITOR IN CHIEF



W.C. CONRAD
FACULTY CONSULTING EDITOR



PAUL MILLER
BUSINESS MANAGER



F.L. TORRENCE
FACULTY BUSINESS MANAGER

The Tribute of the Odd Number

As all Freshmen, we were green,
In doubtful places we were seen,
All ignorant of rules I ween,
And yet the teachers say, full keen
 In our first year at R. H. S.
A year passed by, and soon we wore
Elate, the title Sophomore;
As we began so on we bore
 Through our next year at R. H. S.

And then we passed into the name
That every class desires to claim,
And jubilantly we became
Proud Juniors of universal fame,
 In our third year at R. H. S.
It is not strange we did surpass,
In every thing, each other class,
For were we not bright stars en masse
 As Seniors here in R. H. S.?



From the wind room in the basement
To the Physics Lab, and casement
Of the English room, each place meant
Something. In our four years' race went
 Many pranks at R. H. S.
Every nook and every cranny
Holds a memory dear to many;
Consequently, there's not any
 Glad to leave dear R. H. S.

Here we've striven for four long years,
Worked and "crammed," o'ercome with fears
That, as graduation nears,
We should drop behind our peers.

 Here in dear old R. H. S.
But our fears have served us truly,
For as now we stand, all duly
Ready to enter life unruly,
 We bless dear old R. H. S.

EMILY FLETCHER, '13.



THE PIERIAN STAFF

The Pierian Staff

Editor-in-Chief—ELEANOR GIFFORD, '13

Assistant Editor—KENT MORSE, '13

Faculty Consulting Editor—WILL C. CONRAD

Business Manager—PAUL MILLER, '13

Circulation Manager—ROBERT JACKSON, '14

Faculty Business Manager—LA MONTE TORRENCE

CLASSES

CORNELIA SHAW, '13
ELIZABETH MARVEL, '14
HILDA KIRKMAN, '15
MALCOLM DILL, '16
JULIET NUSBAUM, '17

NIGHT SCHOOL

B. W. KELLY

MUSIC AND ART

ELIZABETH MYRICK, '14
MABEL JOHNS, '13
ALICE LOCKE
RALPH C. SLOANE

ATHLETICS

MARIE KAUFFMAN, '14
ROSS LYONS, '13
ROY WHISNAND

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CLEM FERGUSON, '14
GLADYS BARNARD, '13
GENEVIEVE KAMP, '14
HOWARD MESSICK, '13
ANNA FINFROCK

PERSONALS

EMILY FLETCHER, '13
WILLIAM WILLIAMS, '13
MARGUERITE DAVIS, '13
WILSON TAGGART, '14

CALENDAR

MARIE PEED, '13
ALICE LAXING

CHAPEL

MAURINE CONVERSE, '13

ARTISTS

JAMES KINSELLA, '13
TOM LYONS, '15
MARIE JOHNS, '13
IVY KRAFT

STAFF PHOTOGRAPHER

JOHN F. THOMPSON

STAFF STENOGRAPHER

RUSSELL STOUT, '14

A Teacher's Joys

I.

In the faculty of R. H. S.

There are very near two score
Of pedagogues, both old and young,
Whose minds have learned to soar
Far, far above the common thoughts of man,
Until they try the very heavens to scan.

II.

We know not where they learned it all,—
This vast amount of knowledge;
Unless the Muse, on whom they'd call,
When they were going to college,
Did smile on them and help them, too,
In order that they might get through.

III.

Perhaps they had no toil and trouble,
But easily, lightly skimmed along;
Perchance o'er books they bent not double,
And life for them was one sweet song;
At least they're here, and now we 'bide
By their stern rules, and heed their chide.

IV.

We must be still and say ne'er a word
When they ask us questions we do not know,
Nor murmur then when a pencil is stirred
And down in the grade-book is placed an "o";
We must smile at them till our "interest" is gone,
Then look either angry—or forlorn.

V.

If I were asked what I'd like to be,
And merely wishing would make it so,
I'd straightway desire to own an A. B.
Then no one could question the things I'd know;
I'd frighten and rule other girls and boys—
Oh, I'd be a teacher with all its joys!

E. G., '13.



FACULTY

AND

SENIORS



Faculty

THE faculty of the Richmond High School includes thirty-two members—an average of one instructor for every nineteen pupils. The work is grouped into three courses—academic, commercial, and industrial. The academic faculty is the largest, with twenty-four members; the industrial has five members; and the commercial, three. But in reality these figures do not represent the comparative strength of the three courses; for many of the instructors in the academic course have work in the commercial and industrial.

With but few exceptions the instructors have the degree of Bachelor of Arts or its equivalent; and many of them have the degree of Master of Arts. Among the schools represented, Earlham stands first; Indiana University, second. Other institutions which have graduates are Chicago University, New York University, Purdue, DePauw, University of Wisconsin, Indiana State Normal,

Massachusetts Normal Art School, Cleveland School of Art, Hillsdale College, and Pratt Institute. These graduates, coming from nearly every part of the United States, and bringing with them ideas and ideals distinctive of their collegiate training, have been welded together into one of the strongest faculties in the State.

The Nestor of the faculty is Principal John F. Thompson, who at the close of this term completes his twenty-fifth year of service here. He joined the school in 1887, when it was a one-room organization with no building of its own. He has watched it grow, and has been untiring in his efforts to help it to grow in the right direction. At the end of the first term, this year, when Isaac E. Neff resigned from the principalship to enter the business world, Mr. Thompson was chosen acting-principal. He has given the school a most efficient administration.

The Class of 1913

 THREE years and nine short months ago, the powers that promote sent forth into this edifice, this Senior class; conceived in genius and dedicated to the proposition that, "knowledge is the wing wherewith we fly to heaven."

Now we are about to take our departure, and we hope we have proved that this class, or any class so conceived and so dedicated, can succeed. We now linger in our last days of superiority. It is with sadness that we think of our high-school career as past. It is altogether fitting and proper that we should do this.

Now this is true, we shall not forget—we cannot forget—our high-school days. The faces of our teachers, of our classmates, and the memory of their friendship shall remain with us forever.

The world will little note nor long remember what we've done here, but we shall ne'er forget what we've won here, among other things, the knowledge that we must maintain "interest" in all things.

It is our wish, underclassmen, that you profit by our experience. Be diligent in your studies, provoke not your teachers, neither talk in chapel nor flunk in your studies, and remember that,

"All's well that ends well: still the fines' the crown;
Whate'er the course, the end is the renown."

Officials and Academic Teachers



JOHN FRANKLIN THOMPSON—M. S. Hillsdale College.
Principal since February, 1913.

ISAAC E. NEFF—A. B. and A. M. DePauw University; Johns Hopkins University.
Principal September, 1910, to February, 1913.

BERTHA E. HAWKINS—A. B. Indiana University; A. M. Indiana University.
Mathematics. Assistant Principal since February, 1913.

HELEN LOUISE FOX—Earlham Library Course.
Librarian and Registrar.

F. L. TORRENCE—Earlham; Indiana State Normal.
Instructor in Mathematics.

EDITH FRANCISCO—A. B. Earlham.
Instructor in Mathematics.



ALICE V. LANING—A. B. Indiana University.
Instructor in English.

ALMON A. ARNOLD—A. B. Wittenberg.
Instructor in Chemistry and Physiography.

ALICE TEST—A. B. Indiana University; A. M. Indiana University.
Instructor in Latin and German.

CONSTANCE FOSLER—A. B. Earlham; A. M. Earlham.
Instructor in German.

W. O. WISSSLER—A. B. Earlham; Indiana State Normal.
History.

CLARA COMSTOCK—University of Chicago; New Haven Normal
School of Gymnastics.
Physical Training.



ELMA LOUISE NOLTE—Ph. B. Earlham; Graduate Student, University of Wisconsin.
German.

ANNA BRADBURY—B. L. Swarthmore.
Instructor in English.

RALPH C. SLOANE—Oberlin Conservatory of Music; Thomas Normal Training School.
Music.

WILL C. CONRAD—A. B. Indiana University.
English.

INEZ E. TRUEBLOOD—A. B. Earlham.
Instructor in English.

ALICE GRIFFIN LOCKE—Lexington (Mass.) High School; Massachusetts Normal Art School; Columbia University.
Art Department.



MARTHA A. WHITACRE—A. B. Earlham.
Instructor in Mathematics.

R. A. WHISNAND—A. B. DePauw University.
Instructor in History.

ANNA L. FINFROCK—Ph. B. Earlham College; Ph. M. New York
University.
Instructor in English.

ELIZABETH SMELSER—Ph. B. Earlham; Graduate Student, University of Chicago.
Latin.

W. C. DETRICK—Juanita College; Indiana Central Business College
Physical Training.

FLORENCE LONG—Earlham.
Instructor in Botany and Commercial Arithmetic.

Academic Students



CORNELIA M. SHAW—Academic Course.

President Senior Class; Vice-President Junior Class; Orchestra; Dramatics; Captain Basketball Team, 1911; Pedestrian Club, 1911; President G. A. A., 1911 and 1912.

Cornelia is a star and popular with everyone, as is shown by the positions which she holds. She is very fond of cross-country hikes, "joy-rides" and sea-foam, the last of which she delights in feeding to the neighbors.

DOROTHY RODEFELD—Academic Course.

Dramatic Society; G. A. A.

Skating is one of Dorothy's chief pleasures. She also enjoys literature—especially that part which concerns the "Normans."

LEO J. COTTON—Academic Course.

Debating Club, 1913.

Leo has obtained quite a reputation among the ladies in the school by wearing high collars and signing his name "L. James."

LEROY GIBBONS—Academic Course.

Although Leroy appears to be sleepy and listless, yet, as a policeman, he is really quite a "harum-scarum" chap.

MARGUERITE DAVIS—Academic Course.

Dramatic Society; PIERIAN Staff, 1913.

Marguerite is noted for two things: her ability as an actress, and her变ability towards all things masculine.

FLORENCE BURGESS—Academic Course.

Florence likes not German verbs,
Nor yet sulphuric ions;
But we will say, if that we may,
She's very fond of "Lyons."



MARJORIE MAURINE WILTROUT—Academic Course.

Orchestra; Dramatic Society; G. A. A.

To become a musician is Marjorie's aim. But whether she desires to be a concert violinist or a chorus girl, is not known.

LELA MANFORD—Academic Course.

Basketball, 1910, 1911, 1912; G. A. A.

Although Lela is not one accustomed to enjoy extremes, she can enjoy the music of "French Horns" and "Gates" equally well.

WALTER C. DAVIS—Academic Course.

Baseball, 1912.

"Monkey" tries his hand at all the latest inventions. His ambition to become an aviator is surpassed only by his desire to motor around the country on balmy spring evenings in a car just made for two.

GLADYS WEISS—Academic Course.

Doubtless Gladys's favorite expression is "Great Scott." It may be said also that it is not the "Scott" who discovered the South Pole.

MARIE PEED—Academic Course

PIERIAN Staff, 1913.

Marie is an exceptional German student. She dreams of a time when she and Bob shall cross the ocean, and dwell in *ein Deutsches Dorf*.

GLADYS BARNARD—Academic Course.

G. A. A.; Pedestrian Club; Dramatic Society; PIERIAN Staff, 1913.

Camping and ghost stories appeal to Gladys. In telling the latter she is especially efficient.



ALVIN FOX—Academic Course.

Alvin has become quite popular of late with his new Pilot. Ask any of the girls if it isn't a good car.

MONICA WILLITS—Academic Course.

Even if Monica does live at Milton, she can appreciate good shows.

BERTHA BROWN—Academic Course.

If any one ever could be, Bertha is certainly "inflamed with the study of learning."

DONALD E. WARFEL—Academic Course.

President Dramatic Society; Orchestra; PIERIAN Staff, 1913.

Donald is famous for his genial disposition, his laugh, his dramatic talent, and his ability to keep up a continual flow of conversation.

PAULINE WREDE—Academic Course.

Orchestra; Pedestrian Club.

We can suggest no reason for Pauline's frown unless it is because she is fond of pickles.

ALICE SHARP—Academic Course.

Alice inspires much awe among the Freshmen with her brilliant Latin recitations and grades.



MARGUERITE DEUKER—Academic Course.

Pedestrian Club; Orchestra.

Marguerite, as her name signifies, is a daisy. Her greatest ambition is to acquire curly, gray hair.

ALTA MCPHERSON—Academic Course.

Girls' Athletic Association; Secretary of Dramatic Society.

Alta is a lover of good music, but that does not hinder her from liking animals, particularly the "Fox."

ETTA ROSE—Academic Course.

Etta does not usually admire gaudy things, yet strange to say, she never admires any dry goods store without "Kolor."

EDNA TONEY—Academic Course.

Edna is quite a steady going pupil, and no doubt will become a teacher possessing the same qualities.

HOWARD C. MESSICK—Academic Course.

Debating League, 1912-1913; Dramatic Society, 1912-1913; Varsity Debating Team, 1913; PIERIAN Staff, 1913.

Howard has been a public speaker since he was three months old. From that time he has been inflicting elocution on a defenceless community. Everyone is wondering why he selects "readings" containing the name "Mary."

IMA FASICK—Academic Course.

Ima is not very well acquainted with Ancient History. Nevertheless, she attempts to make brilliant recitations in Physiology.



ROSE FERLING—Academic Course.

Rose is known for her love of adventure and her aversion to "cases."

EMILY M. FLETCHER—Academic Course.

Dramatic Society; Pedestrian Club, Vice-President 1913; Secretary Senior Class; PIERIAN Staff, 1913.

Fad: Making old "Romances" look like new ones. Ambition: To become a twentieth century novelist. Life Work: Telling "yarns."

MARY BUTLER—Academic Course.

Mary's hobbies are singing and making candy. However, neither lasts very long.

MARGARET WICKEMEYER—Academic Course.

In respect to "cases," "Wick" is a variable quantity. One time it is a "Taylor" and the next time it is a "King."

CELINA GEHR—Academic Course.

Treasurer Pedestrian Club; G. A. A.

Celina likes—

A hike, now and then,
With girls about ten
And total absence of men.

MARTHA E. SMITH—Academic Course.

G. A. A.

We wonder if it is because Martha is so fearfully in "Ernest" that she is willing to give up her "Forrest."



MARGUERITE TITTLE—Academic Course.

Marguerite at one time became quite shocked at the antics of her classmates in room 32 when Miss Finfrock wasn't present.

JENNIE MERANDA—Academic Course.

G. A. A.; Pedestrian Club.

Many think Jennie is an awful buzzer; but the only buzz we can find is the buzz of her brain machinery.

NELLIE EPPS—Academic Course.

Nellie is quiet and unobtrusive. She is known to have a good-sized amount of learning in her head.

ROSCOE CANDLER—Academic Course.

Roscoe is trying hard as he can to eliminate the common name of Smith for a more poetical one—Candler, for instance.

FORREST W. MURPHY—Academic Course.

"Pat" spent his former years down South. Perhaps that is the reason he plans to revolutionize conditions in the North.

RUBY NEFF—Academic Course.

Ruby is independent; yet we entertain hopes that in the future she may become "Meek."



RUTH TAYLOR—Academic Course.

Board of Control, 1911 and 1912.

Perhaps Ruth enjoys all the seasons everywhere; but it is generally known that, for some reason, she is partial to "Summers" in Indianapolis.

MARC SHOVER—Academic Course.

Dramatic Society.

Marc is most irrepressible. He enjoys being individual and has a most unusual fondness for "buzzing."

ANNA C. BARTON—Academic Course.

Anna is of a most economical disposition. Very probably that is the reason she keeps the lights dim on Sunday evenings.

WARREN BECK—Academic Course.

Orchestra.

A long and heated argument is a source of great delight to Warren. Such discussions are not rare in his English classes.

IRENE HAAS—Academic Course.

Although fond of all nature scenery, Irene is particularly fond of "Dales."



ETHYL WILLIAMS—Academic Course.

Member Dramatic Society; President Pedestrian Club; G. A. A.

Ethyl is small and quiet, but there is a great "report" when grade time comes around.

KENT STUART MORSE—Academic Course.

Debating Club, 1912 and 1913; Dramatic Society; Captain Varsity Debating Team, 1913; PIERIAN Staff, 1911; Assistant Editor-in-Chief, 1913.

There was a young fellow named Kent,
Who was always on lofty deeds bent;
And the teachers all know
That wherever he'd go,
He'd do that for which he'd been sent.

GRACE E. SHERA—Academic Course.

G. A. A.; Dramatic Society.

Grace is an ardent suffragette. She became so rather recently, and is now an ardent man-hater, whereas formerly she was not.

MARJORIE E. MAYHEW—Academic Course.

Some people prefer motoring and some, coasting; but Marjorie derives her chief delight from motoring with a "Bob."

ROSS LYONS—Academic Course.

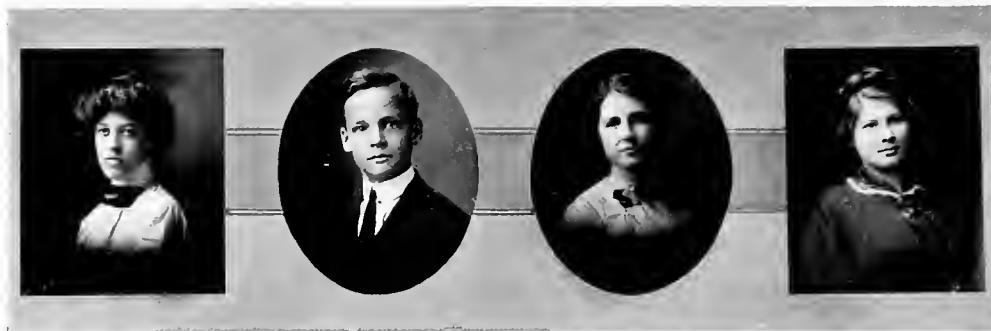
Tennis, 1911; Basketball, 1913; PIERIAN Staff, 1911 and 1913.

Although not especially interested in music, "Red" always stays for orchestra practice. We wonder why.

ELEANOR ELIZABETH GIFFORD—Academic Course.

Pedestrian Club; PIERIAN Staff, 1911; Editor-in-Chief PIERIAN, 1913.

Eleanor affords a source of wonder for all "Freshies" by her ability to get good grades and at the same time to be always busy on the 1913 PIERIAN.



MAURINE CONVERSE—Academic Course.

Dramatic Society; PIERIAN Staff, 1913.

Maurine is intensely practical, and cares little for romance. Her favorite (?) occupation is arranging for "spreads."

WELCOME P. ROLLMAN—Academic Course.

The following describes Welcome exactly:

"And still they gazed, and still the wonder grew
That one small head could carry all he knew."

MARIE JOHNS—Academic Course.

PIERIAN Staff, 1913.

Marie is a necessary part of the art department. The only thing that hinders her from becoming a famous artist is that she is "Partially" in love.

CORA GATES—Academic Course.

Dramatic Society.

When it comes to debating, Cora is a "star." Her joy upon being upon the affirmative in an argument upon "Woman Suffrage," is only exceeded by her love for a "Waltz."

Commercial Teachers



ELsie M. RUSH—A. B. Houghton College; Marion Business College. BELLE BISHOP—Ph. B. Ohio State University.
Instructor in Commercial Department. Instructor in Stenography.

E. R. HELMAN—International Business University; Marion Normal
College; Lima College.
Commercial Department.

Commercial Students



MARY E. FORD—Commercial Course.

G. A. A.; Basketball, 1910, 1911, 1912.

Mary is continually coaxing Mr. Helman to secure a position for her in the American Seeding-Machine Company because of a certain pair of blue eyes, light hair, and—.

HAZEL ELIZABETH MASHMEYER—Commercial Course.

Basketball; G. A. A.

Hazel's name creates a great deal of excitement among the other sex.

EDITH MERLE UHL—Commercial Course.

Edith lacks tact. She even unthinkingly permitted a boy to read a certain shorthand note which she had received. She afterwards regretted the action.

GROVER TURNER—Commercial Course.

Whether Grover has a "case" or not, is a trifle uncertain; but perhaps he "Haas."

MARION RUSSELL—Commercial Course.

Perhaps Marion has not a serious case, but why three "dates" in one day?



JESSIE KIMBROUGH—Commercial Course.

Jessie is inclined to be nervous and always in a hurry. That is perhaps the reason she completed her course in a shorter time than the others.

EDITH STEGMAN—Commercial Course.

Edith is another one of our students with premature enmassed brain matter. Because of this she was forced to leave her accustomed realms and take up an abode with a certain hardware store.

BERYL MARY HASTY—Commercial Course.

Beryl is one of the quietest girls in the class, but she was known to become very excited once last term when she mislaid a certain diamond ring.

WINFIELD URBAN—Commercial Course.

Baseball, 1912 and 1913; Basketball, 1913.

“Windy” has created quite a sensation at school as being “cute.” His highest ambition is to be classed as a “sport.”

THOMAS WILLARD STEVENS—Commercial Course.

Willard is known as “The Little Dude.” He is a great admirer of the fair “co-eds.”

HERBERT BRADLEY—Commercial Course.

Herbert is generally known as a “lady killer.” It is a subject for wonder that, although they know the result will be fatal, so many of the girls wish to run the risk.



MILDRED HOFFMAN—Commercial Course.

At first Mildred seems to be of a rather silent disposition, but on further acquaintance, she is found to be entirely different.

AUBREY TAYLOR MINOR—Commercial Course.

Dramatic Society.

Aubrey possesses the happy faculty of desiring to take part in everything—even the Pedestrian Club.

EUNICE WETTIG—Commercial Course.

Eunice is quite a walking vocabulary. She is fond of making brilliant recitations.

BLANCHE MARIE IRETON—Commercial Course.

Blanche is a fearful "flirt," and, though young, has had several desperate "cases."

MAX RUDOLPH WILLIAMS—Commercial Course.

Max is known to possess great learning. However, he cares as much for eating as for acquiring knowledge.

MARGARET POHLENZ—Commercial Course.

G. A. A.; Basketball Team.

Margaret enjoys the seasons with Thompson more than "The Seasons" by Thompson.



JESSIE MARIE CRONIN—Commercial Course.

Jessie is a dreamer and builder of air castles. She aspires to be a grand opera singer.

WESLEY L. HOWARD—Commercial Course.

Debating; Concertmaster R. H. S. Orchestra.

Wesley has already started on what will undoubtedly be a most brilliant career as a violinist, and will probably add much glory to the class of '13.

VIVIAN FUSAN—Commercial Course.

Nobody knows whether Vivian spends all her time reading Scripture or not, yet she appears to be very partial to "Nicodemus."

MILDRED PARKER—Commercial Course.

G. A. A.

"Midge's" capacity for giggling is really amazing, but aside from that she's all right.

PHILIP GATES—Commercial Course.

Orchestra; Dramatic Society; Debating; Chorus.

Everyone knows Philip is accomplished in many ways. He is particularly famous as a vocalist and French Horn player. The only disadvantage he ever has to contend with is a cracked lip.

ESTELLA HOLLARN—Commercial Course.

Estella is steady going and not apt to do anything startling; but only time can tell.



ETHEL GRAHAM—Commercial Course.

G. A. A.

Ethel has won the admiration of all the girls in the Senior class by her brilliant basketball playing at the class spreads.

WALTER BOYCE—Commercial Course.

Walter said one day that he had "red" almost as much as Ross. We believe him.

EMERALD L. KEMPER—Commercial Course.

Pedestrian.

"Betty's" greatest anxiety is that she may become an old maid and die happy.

EDNA SITTLIH—Commercial Course.

Edna's greatest ambition is to become a singer of late ballads at the "Lyric."

WILLIAM WILLIAMS—Commercial Course.

Debating Club, 1912, 1913; Alternate, Varsity Debating Team, 1913; PIERIAN Staff, 1913.

Talking about the Stock Exchange, "Bill" is quite a "Bayer."

RUTH HEITBRINK—Commercial Course.

Ruth got too much education last December and accepted a position as matron for the newsboys on a local newspaper.



CLARKSON HUBBARD—Commercial Course.

Clarkson was going to put in a bid for the printing of the 1913 PIERIAN, but he became so busy with the C. & O. tariffs that he had to give it up.

NOLA RUSSELL—Commercial Course.

G. A. A.

"Rays" are a source of great (de)light to Nola.

EDWARD F. HOLLARN—Commercial Course.

Orchestra, 1910-1912.

Ed said he likes to live at the Glen because the bear pen reminds him of the county jail.

ROBERT D. TAYLOR—Commercial Course.

Robert is a sport: yet for his life's companion he may choose a "Porter."



Industrial Art Teachers



IVY KRAFT—Cleveland School of Art.
Instructor in Art.

A. B. ROSS—Chicago Normal School; University of Illinois.
Manual Training.

MARTHA EMMA BOND—Earlham; Richmond Normal; Chicago
Sloyd School; University of Chicago; Columbia University.
Domestic Arts.

B. W. KELLY—B. S. Earlham.
Physical Sciences.

CHAS. O. MAYS—Indiana State Normal.
Instructor in Manual Training.

KITURAH PARSONS—Pratt Institute, N. Y.
Domestic Science Department.

Industrial Art Students



FLOYD REID—Industrial Art Course.

Captain 1911-1912 Baseball Team.

Floyd's favorite occupation is:

Helen fair, music bright;
Lonely dance, moonlight night.

RAYMOND C. MAVER—Industrial Art Course.

Basketball Team, Captain 1912 and 1913.

Raymond is rather quiet—even when playing basketball. If this has anything to do with his playing, we recommend "silence" to the aspirants for the 1914 varsity team.

JOHN ELLEMAN—Industrial Art Course.

"Jawn" is quite a favorite with the West Side girls, especially those living near Fosler's Pharmacy.

AGNES OGBORN—Industrial Art Course.

Science appeals to Agnes; especially domestic science. She is known to be a very good cook.

PAUL H. MILLER—Industrial Art Course.

Track, 1910; Captain, 1911; Basketball, 1911; President Board of Control; Treasurer Senior Class; Business Manager, 1913 PIERIAN.

"Germany" is the business man of the school. He is also very fond of ladies. For one especially does he always "Si."

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ALFRED G. SUDHOFF—Industrial Art Course.

Dramatic Society.

Alfred is fond of—oh, auburn hair, blue eyes, music and dates.



D. WRAY DRAPER—Industrial Art Course.
Orchestra.

It is an established fact that "Chugs" likes traveling almost as well as being "canned." The peculiar thing about it is that he rarely goes farther than New Castle; but he makes up for the shortness of the journey by going oftener.

LLOYD DYE—Industrial Art Course.

Lloyd has been for some time subject to a peculiar disease which forces him to go to the "Y" for the afternoon instead of coming to school.

MABEL C. JOHNS—Industrial Art Course.

Mabel has obtained something in her high-school course which very few have been able to do. She has discovered what the word "love" really means.

JACOB HEZEKIAH JONES—Industrial Art Course.

Jacob's chief fault consists in forgetting his name. He also is exceedingly vain, and is the possessor of a vast amount of avoirdupois.

LEE GENN—Industrial Art Course.
Track, 1912.

Lee is quite an athlete. Not being tall enough, he strives to break the records for pole-vaulting. He is commonly known as Mutt, and is usually accompanied by Jeff.

ROBERT LEBO—Industrial Art Course.
Wireless Club.

The fact that Robert is of an electrical turn of mind, is the only reason offered for his being in perpetual motion.

A Dream or a Vision?

"S AY, Jack, do you believe in visions?"
"What? 'Seein' things'?"

"Well,—not exactly that, I hope; but last night I had a dream or something that seems too real to keep. It's as if I had a tip, you know. You—you ought to hear about it."

"In that case go ahead, my friend. I haven't a thing to do but lessons.

"You see, I thought it was ten years hence and I was wandering on a lonely road in India. Our party of American tourists having decided upon a three-day's rest in a little, though picturesque, out-of-the-way village, I had let my curiosity and love of exploring get the better of me and had gone off alone to ramble over and beyond the neighboring hills. Lengthening shadows had at last warned me to turn back, but, much to my dismay, I found that the hills all looked alike and I was at a loss to know in which direction our village lay. A little ahead a cool and inviting footpath offered a possible relief; so I eagerly accepted its sympathetic shade.

"I had begun to despair of its leading to shelter when it turned abruptly and before my astonished gaze there appeared a gloomy Hindu castle surrounded by a circle of peculiar, tall, and swaying trees of dense foliage. The massive doors were open and access was easy. A bewildering odor pervaded the tapestry-hung hall and made me regardless of consequences. Through parted curtains I caught a gleam of rosy light, and, lured by its rays, I crossed the magic threshold.

"The light, which was shed from a grotesque, swinging lamp, though but half revealing the rich hangings, fell full upon a most wonderful sphere of crystal resting upon a velvet cushion in the center of a massive, ebony table. Crystal-gazing had always had an attraction for me, so, fascinated and curious, I sank into the chair beside the wondrous ball and gazed fixedly into its limpid depths.

"At first I was conscious only of high lights and reflections,

but gradually there began to appear within the crystal a well-laden banquet table whose surroundings reminded me of the 'Y.'

"It must be—yes, it is a Commercial Club banquet, and there are Don and Floyd, and Kent!" I fairly shouted. "Oh, how I wish I might ask questions!"

"'Ask,' came the abrupt command from beside me, and turning, I beheld a small turbaned Hindu with eyes riveted upon my face.

"'Explain,' I replied just as abruptly, too eager to be surprised at his appearance.

"Mr. Warfel, the enterprising editor, is the toastmaster, and Dr. Reid and Mr. Morse are the speakers for the evening. Dr. Reid's subject will be his observations of the results of civic enterprise in some European cities. Mr. Morse, the inventor and manufacturer, who delivered one of the principal addresses at the recent Convention of Manufacturers held in Philadelphia, will discuss the ends accomplished in that convention. That is State Senator Paul Miller on Mayor William Williams' right, and Postmaster John Elleman on his left."

"Among the 'prominent citizens' I recognized Alvin Fox, Lee Genn, Lloyd Dye, Herbert Bradley, and Walter Davis.

"I should like to see a copy of Don's paper," I hinted breathlessly.

"Slowly the banquet scene faded, and in its place appeared a metropolitan looking newspaper. With the assistance of a marvelous reading glass handed me by my little Hindu, parts became legible.

"In the picture which occupied a prominent position on the first page, and above which I read "Successful Purdue Graduates," I recognized Robert Lebo, Marc Shofer, Roscoe Candler, Ed Hollarn, and Wray Draper. Beneath was the comment that Lebo and Shofer, who had recently gone into partnership, were among the most progressive and reliable chemists of Chicago.

"On the second page was an interesting article on the numerous improvements and reforms which had been brought about by the tireless energy of such admirable women as Maurine Converse, Nola Russell, Bertha Brown, Agnes Osborn, Ethel Graham, and Celina Gehr.

"Then I noticed an announcement of a meeting of the Indiana Teachers' Association to be held in Indianapolis. Glancing over the program I was not surprised to find among the speakers, Ruby Neff, Marie Peed, Ruth Taylor, Prof. A. L. Murray of the State University, and Prof. Forrest Murphy of —— College. The names of members of the various committees included Irene Haas, Anna Barton, Edna Toney, Jenny Meranda, Ima Fasick and Etta Rose.

"Here are some of the notices and personals I remember:

"At the meeting of the Art Study Club on Tuesday, Miss Marie Johns, assisted by Mr. James Kinsella, the cartoonist, will give a talk on "Recent Development in Art".

"Miss Ethyl Williams has just landed in New York after a year's study abroad."

"Mr. Gilbert Epps, proprietor of the Auto Inn, will give the R. H. S. baseball nine and a number of rooters a free ride to Liberty tomorrow."

"Mr. and Mrs. Max Williams are at home to their friends at 576 South Forty-third Street after an extended honeymoon in California."

"The shower given Friday afternoon by Mrs. Margaret Pohlenz T——, in honor of Miss Ruth Heitbrink, promises to be one of the enjoyable social events of the week."

"Mr. Willard Stevens, a well-known member of the T. P. A., is trying to organize a Bachelors' Protective Association. Is he unable to protect himself?"

"Miss Nelle Epps, an efficient trained nurse of St. Louis, is the guest of friends for a few days."

"Richmond's boast that she has furnished four members of the faculty of an exclusive Fifth Avenue boarding school, is soon

to be reduced one-half. Dame Rumor has it that Cupid has captured two of the quartette which consists of Alice Sharp, Latin; Grace Shera, vocal music; Margaret Wickemeyer, physical training and dancing; and Eleanor Gifford, principal. Now, which two is it?"

"In the amusement column appeared two lengthy announcements of entertainments: The first, the appearance of a concert company consisting of Alta McPherson, monologist; Robert Taylor, tenor; Marjorie Wiltrot, violinist; and Lela Manford, pianist. The second, a performance of 'All's Well That Ends Well,' with an all-star cast including Gladys Barnard, Marguerite Davis, and Howard Messick.

"Before I could read more of such interesting news, the paper was replaced by a vast assembly hall filled with animated women.

"Business Women's Convention in the new Coliseum at Indianapolis," volunteered my dusky companion.

"There sat Eunice Wettig as presiding officer, with Jessie Kimbrough as secretary. And the speakers—whom do you think?—Cora Gates, Marion Russell and Edith Uh! In the discussion which followed Hazel Mashmeyer, Mary Bulla, Edith Stegman and Emerald Kemper seemed to take active part. Wasn't it a shame I couldn't hear what was said? I also recognized Estella Hollarn, Mary Ford, Blanche Ireton, Beryl Hasty, Mildred Hoffman, Edna Sittloh and Jessie Cronin.

"I am almost homesick," I confessed in an undertone, at which my strange assistant smiled and pointed toward the crimson cushion.

"Within the crystal a busy street gradually became distinct—Main Street, with a number of changes, especially in the names on signs. Many women were hurrying into the beautiful new Urban Theater entrance over which the sign read, 'Housewives' Demonstration Day.'

"In answer to an appealing glance at my Hindu, I seemed to enter the theater. The program had begun. Upon the stage, surrounded by supplies and utensils, stood the ladies who were giving the demonstration, formerly Mary Butler, Mabel Johns, and Mar-

guerite Tittle. The boxes were occupied by Mildred Parker, Marjorie Mayhew, Rose Ferling, Florence Burgess and Martha Smith. All were quite attentive, but Marjorie was most 'eager' and Martha very much in 'earnest.' Just before the size of the crowd made closing the doors imperative, Vivian Fuson arrived—in the 'nick' of time.

"I rested my tired eyes a moment, and when I opened them again Main Street seemed to pass as a moving picture, so that for some time I could do little more than read signs. Boyce's Grocery looked attractive. Over a haberdashery was the name of Leroy Gibbons. On the floor above 'Wrede & Deuker, Milliners,' was a great show window displaying Paris models and bearing in gilt, 'Weiss, Fashionable Garmentmaking.' An employment bureau sign read 'Cotton & Rollman.' I guessed that Welecome must be a somewhat silent partner. The firm of 'Hubbard & Turner, Insurance,' puzzled me for a while till I decided that it must mean Clarkson and Grover. Ray Mayer was arranging R. H. S. banners in the window of his up-to-date sporting goods shop. The last sign I was able to read was 'Minor's Imperial Feed Store.'

"Then I watched a great orchestra playing. In the first number there was a horn duo, and I was delighted to recognize Philip Gates and Ske—I mean Harold Myers. It seemed just like dear old R. H. S. again. In the second number the violinist, who seemed to take the audience by storm, was a slim, girlish figure that somehow appealed to me—Bless her heart!—Cornelia Shaw! From the rhythm of their movements I could imagine I heard the melody, so that when they ceased my applause burst forth. As if in answer the leader turned to bow, and then I knew why there had seemed to be something so familiar in his figure. It was Mr. Earhart; so the orchestra must have been the Pittsburgh Symphony.

"But where is Wesley?" I asked.

"Teaching in Hampton Institute with an orchestra all his own," came the satisfactory reply.

"My head sank to the table, for crystal-gazing is exceedingly

wearing upon the inexperienced; but, with a supreme effort, I roused myself and once more fixed my eyes upon the crystal which again responded to my intense desire.

"'Oh! a copy of Harper's,' I murmured as a magazine became visible. The pages began to turn slowly and I read as quickly as my weariness would permit.

"Among the 'ads' in the first part I caught this announcement: 'April St. Nicholas. Another story by the well-known writer of children's stories, Monica Willets—'

"The page turned before I was able to see whether that was all of the name or not.

"On the page devoted to the table of contents I was able to recognize but three names in the list of authors—Warren Beck, Neil Bly, and Emily Fletcher. As the pages turned I discovered a short story by Warren, and a continued one by Neil! Emily's was an article on 'Personal Experiences in Settlement Work.' One place I distinguished the words, '—the winter I was assisting Miss Edith Tallant of Columbus, Ohio.'

"Then there was an illustrated article on 'Carnegie Medals of 1922.' A familiar face caught my eye, and under it I read, 'The — Ross Lyons.' The title was blurred, but seemed to have three letters, so it must have been the abbreviation for 'Honorable' or 'Reverend.' Skimming the article, I came upon 'The medal was awarded for bravery in rescuing a —'

"I was most anxious to learn the details, but the magazine began to fade, and, utterly exhausted, I knew no more till I turned restlessly and opened my eyes upon my tiny bedroom at the village inn.

"My friends told me that I had been carried there early that morning attended by a young Hindu, seemingly of high caste, who had said that I had lost my way and had become unconscious from fatigue. He had left for me a small, richly carved box which I found to contain a miniature crystal.

"Now, Jack, was that a dream or a vision?"

An R. H. S. Medley

Full of trembling expectation,
Feeling much and fearing more,
We, with thoughts of graduation,
Seek thy halls as those of yore.
Some of us are youngsters, "Freshies";
Some of us are more than that;
But we all have learned to love thee
And we're glad we're "where we're at."

Many times, no doubt, we tire thee
With our noise, our worthless chatter;
Lately, though, our faculty
Has reduced this weighty matter.
Stationed, one at all the turns,
Pen and tablet in his hand,
He keeps silent watch and learns
Just who's who, and whom to "land."

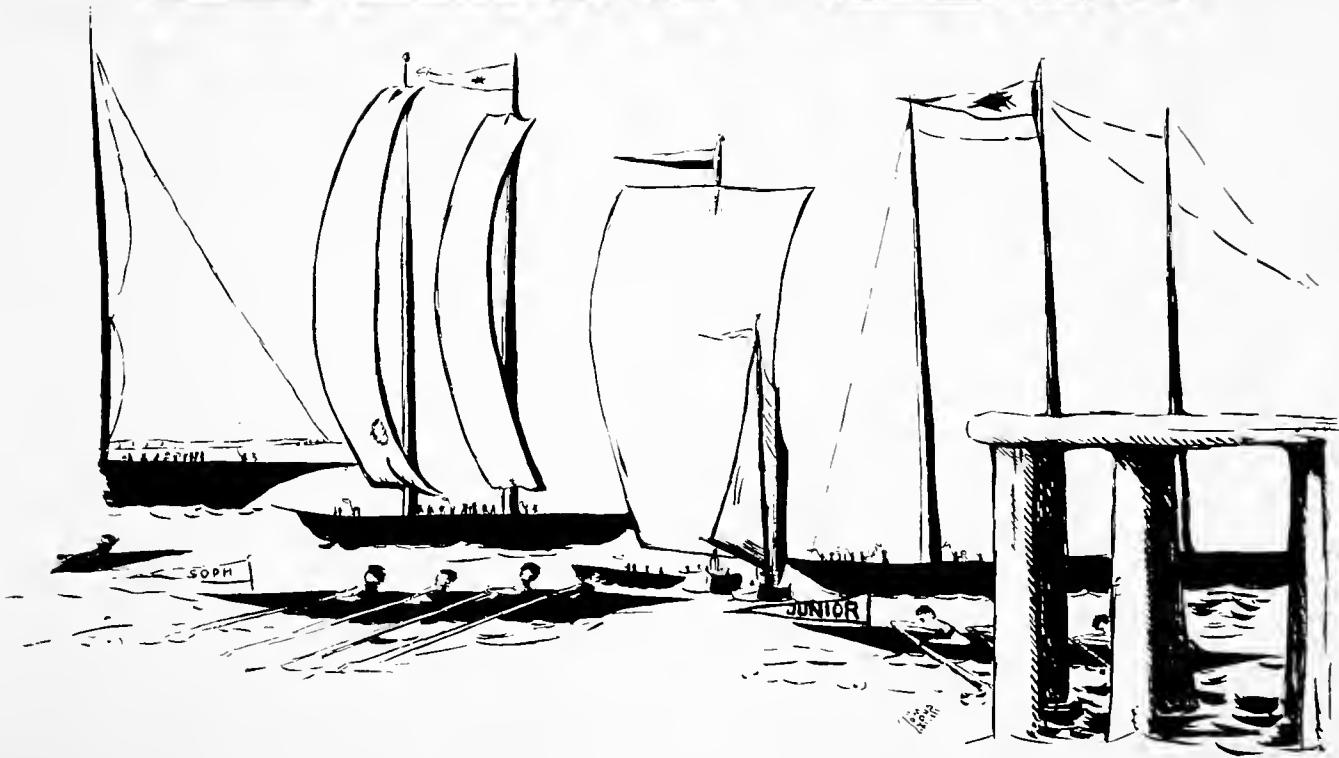


Check by check, we lose our "interest,"
So it is we fail or "flunk,"
Then we realize our rashness,
And real tears of salt, we "wunk."
Students' lives are complications
Of frivolity and grind;
Judging by the vast flirtations,
Few of latter sort we find.

Things, upon consideration,
We would change, had we the power;
Long assignments; short vacations;
Rules and laws; and chapel hour.
Still, we shall not be complaining,
With the benefits secured;
We'll just profit by our training;
And the interest checks incurred.

"CORNIX."

JUNIOR.



The Class of 1914

WHAT is undoubtedly the greatest class in the history of the Richmond High School made its début September, 1910. Of course, we were green, but no greener, perhaps, than any other class, as the building was new and "Freshies" and dignified Seniors alike were lost. However, with the assistance of the ever helpful Sophomores, we soon arrived at the stage when we could wander about, apparently aimlessly, over the building and end up just where we intended. Before we were Sophomores we had won the admiration and respect of everyone—except the faculty. However, in our second year even this was accomplished. By this time we had arrived at the place where we were so well versed in the ways and by-ways of the building that we could usher the incoming classes around in such a manner that they were sure to find their destination (sometimes the office). Our influence began to be no small power in all school work and enterprises.

In our Junior year we have shown our dramatic, social, musical and business ability in our frolics and our theater party. We have been prominent in all school activities and have always been ready and willing to help.

We will be the first finished production of the new High School building; therefore we are looked upon with a great deal of awe and respect. Indeed we regard ourselves a model class.





The Button

HAN ORCHESTRA was playing behind an embankment of tall, waving palms and long, slender ferns. Slow beautiful music filled every atom of the air with a sweet, melodious harmony. Hundreds of small lights, arranged in decorative clusters, illuminated the room to a startling brilliance. In the center hung a mammoth chandelier, with beautiful glass prisms placed in such a manner that the light caused them to sparkle and glow with the beauty of thousands of diamonds. The walls, tall and delicately tinted, echoed the grandeur of that society which it so often sheltered.

Couples, clothed in fashionable dress, waltzed slowly and symmetrically over the floor. The light, happy murmur of conversation could be heard now and then above the sound of the orchestra.

The dance was finished. The music ceased. People stood idly talking in various sections of the room. Some lounged easily in the large spacious chairs. Others wandered to the refreshment rooms. A few, possibly more in earnest than others, sought the more sheltered positions in the conservatory.

While the various groups arranged themselves a very interesting-looking couple seated themselves in chairs. They were alone on that side of the room. They gazed in the direction of nowhere until the young man broke the silence.

"Well, Amy, I hear you are going to be married."

"Perhaps, sometime," she answered, "however, hardly before I'm asked. But why such a peculiar statement?"

"Oh, I shall not answer why. But I tell you what I will do. I will bet you a dinner at the hotel that you are married inside of three months."

"It seems awfully strange," thought Amy, "that he should make such a statement. Perhaps he himself is going to propose. Surely not, however, as his attentions have been nothing more than friendly."

"I'll not bet you on such a subject. However, you may believe me when I say the thought of marrying is absolutely foreign to my mind."

He seemed to think very seriously before he answered.

"Well, I have something that belongs to you, Amy. May I come over some evening next week to give it to you?"

Just then the music started. George left to find his lady for the next dance. Amy was completely bewildered. She felt certain of the coming proposal. She even admitted that the thought was exhilarating. She could hardly wait for the time to come when George would be alone with her in the car.

The ride home proved uneventful. George did not allude to the conversation they had had at the dance. She was slightly dis-

appointed. However, she satisfied herself by dreaming of the night next week.

George Norton belonged to a family, the members of which had long been recognized as the leaders of society. The family had been traced back to the nobility of France. George had been reared in the lap of luxury. He held degrees from several universities and had traveled extensively. Through all this he had kept the thought of marrying only for love ever before him. And it had been a fight to keep the thought unbiased, for mothers considered him a very promising possibility for their daughters. Many had tried to catch him, but all had failed. As yet he was unscathed and he had often dreamed how glorious it would be when love came. He liked Amy a little better than any girls he had seen, but proposing to her was far from his mind. He wondered if love came gradually or all at once. He liked to be prepared; so he had bought a ring to have ready if the test ever did come.

Amy Rogers was from a wealthy family. She had studied abroad and had made her *début* charmingly. She really loved George. Taking these facts into consideration, she can duly be excused for the preparations she made for the expected proposal.

She was charmingly gowned for the occasion. The room was luxuriously furnished. On one side was a large open fire-place which was only used on state occasions. Paintings by world masters decorated the walls. The lights were soft and dim. Amy intended that the fire-place should furnish the most of the light on that special evening. Everything must be appropriate for the occasion.

George made no more preparations than usual, except to slip the ring in his pocket. Then he remembered he had promised to take something to Amy that belonged to her. He had a button that he had found in the car. It had come off her jacket. He would take that. Then to play a joke on her he placed it in the box in place of the ring and dropped the ring in his pocket.

Arriving at Amy's home he was ushered into the music room. He saw Amy standing before the glowing fire. He thought he had

never seen her look more beautiful, and wondered if, after all, he might not learn to love her. Now he felt ashamed of himself for placing a valueless button in the ring box, and the joke began to seem less like a joke.

Amy played the piano. She smiled winsomely. As George said nothing, she finally asked him what he wanted to do. He answered that he desired to talk. She felt sure now, because he had always wanted to go somewhere and never would stay at home and talk with her. She played a little longer in order that she might not appear too anxious.

They walked over to the fire-place. The mellow, flickering shadows played over them. She looked into the fire with an expression of content. He looked at her with growing admiration. Suddenly he realized that he loved her and that he could not do without her. Then he remembered the button. He must remove it and put the ring into the box. He walked to the other side of the fire-place, pretending to look at his watch. Instead he put his hand into his pocket in an attempt to remove the button from the case. Amy went quickly to his side with a questioning look. He saw her glance at his arm, thrust deep into the coat pocket.

With the consciousness that he was caught he jerked out his hand, when lo! his effort turned the pocket inside-out, spilling the box upon the floor. The lid flew open and out rolled the button. Amy, with wondering eyes followed the course of the rolling object until it disappeared behind the davenport. In the next instant, pushing aside the chairs, with a terrific clatter, both sprang across the room, she to get the ring and he to recover the lost button. The father, who was reading in the library, hearing the unusual commotion, came puffing into the room. Seeing them tugging at the heavy mahogany davenport he demanded, "What are you hunting?"

"Why—er—why, we lost something," answered George doggedly, as he and Amy succeeded in pushing the davenport into the center of the room.

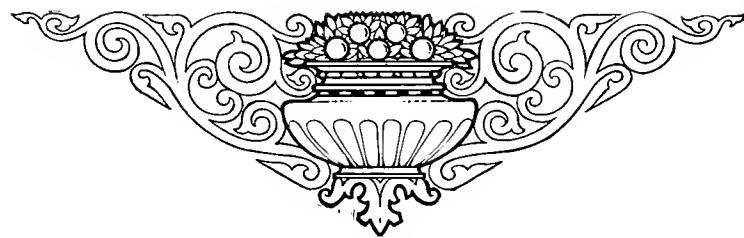
Down on their knees went all three, Amy for the ring, the

father for whatever was lost, and George for the button. In the exciting search heads and hands bumped together until finally George in his deepest despair had a happy thought. Quickly taking the ring from his pocket he pretended to have found it on the floor. Amy beamed on him as he slipped the ring on her finger, her eyes sparkling. George heaved a sigh of relief. Both were lost in their

new-found happiness, and forgotten were the surroundings.

But the father, still kneeling in the corner of the room, panting, perspiring, and puzzled, gazed first at the happy pair, then back at a small object held between his thumb and finger—gazed at a little, insignificant, gray button.

HOWARD MESSICK, '13.



SOPHOMORE



The Class of 1915

THE standard of the school was undoubtedly raised several degrees when, a year ago last September, the class of 1915 came to show their "bright and shining faces" in the halls and class-rooms of the Richmond High School. We were not like other classes; for, even as Freshmen, we conducted ourselves with perfect equanimity. We were not affected in the least by the condescending smiles of the upper classmen. Nothing embarrassed us so little as a casual stroll into a chemistry or trigonometry recitation. We counted it a privilege to have a balcony all to ourselves in chapel. In no way were we so "green" and altogether "fresh" as preceding classes. During our Freshman year we gave two spreads, one in the "gym," and the other in the woods. In the field and track meet last spring we won our full share of laurels. We certainly were an energetic class, and the school positively could not have prospered without us.

Now, as Sophomores, we are still the same—only different. We preserve the same dignity and zeal for work that characterized our Freshman year. However, those two brief semesters in the school broadened our viewpoint on many subjects; and taught us things we never could have learned elsewhere. We are still different from other classes. We never even think of teasing or snubbing the "Freshies." Although we realize that they will never be our equal, we encourage them to assert themselves as much as possible. When we think of how they look up to us for example, we thank the faculty for helping us to gain the high standing which we now hold in the school. We are confident that one of our number, either boy or girl, will some day grace the President's chair; and that, without exception, all of our names will be inscribed in the Hall of Fame.

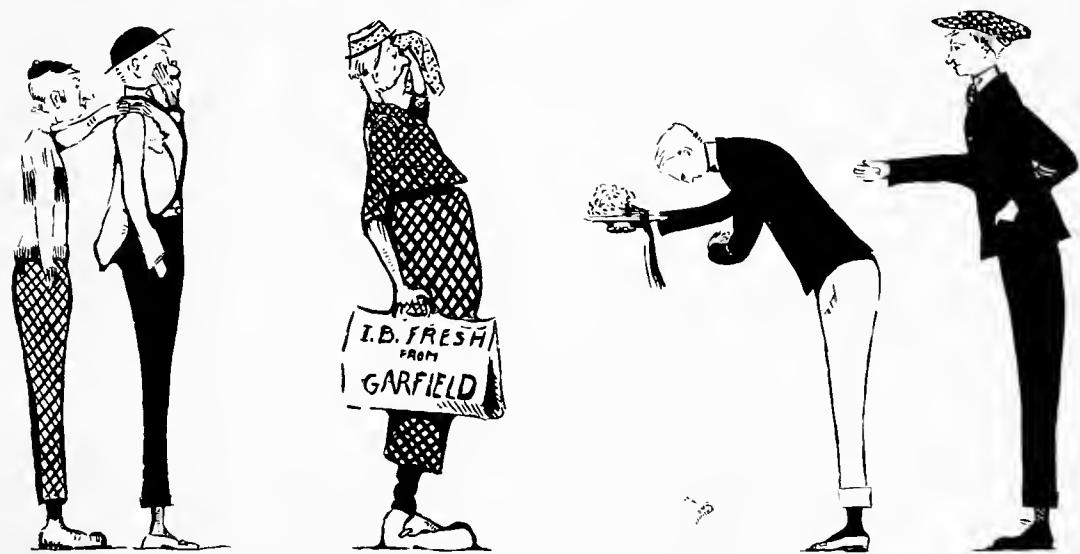


The Freshmen

Fresh they are in ev'ry sense,
Right from Garfield, feeling immense.
Each fellow wears a stiff collar so high
Shining out bright from a little bow tie.
Happy are they with their manly pride,
Many of them try a "pony" to ride.
Every one's happy when this year is done—
 BUT—
Nobody wishes it hadn't begun.

D. E. W., '13.

FRESHMEN



The Class of 1916

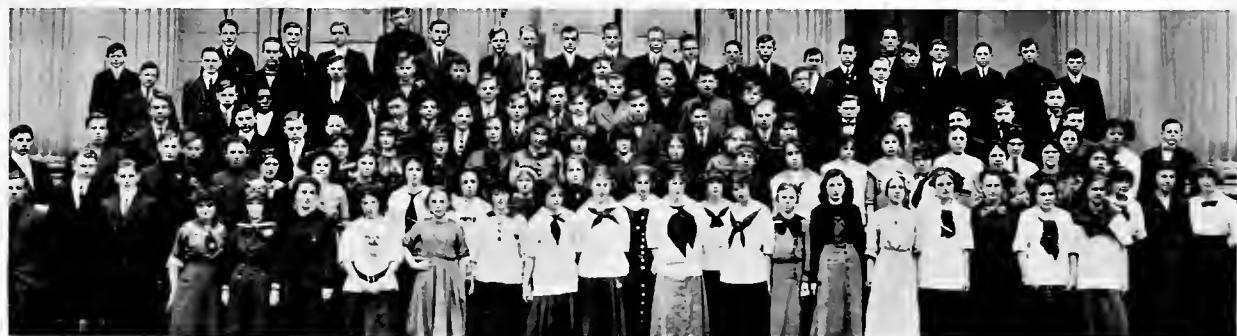
"Freshmen here, Freshmen there, Freshmen everywhere."

 IT SEEMS strange what a difference one short and eventful term can make. In our first few days at High School we wandered around and around the big building, finally succeeding in getting lost. Oh, what humiliation we suffered when it became necessary to ask the way of some Sophomore, who himself had been here only three terms. But all this is changed now, and we are quite as much at home as anyone else.

We are represented in the Pedestrian Club, the Orchestra, and the Dramatic Society. One of our members played on the "varsity" team in one of the big basketball games. Indeed, we feel ourselves to be a very important factor in the school.

Our class is one of the largest classes, if not the largest class, that has ever entered the Richmond High School. However, contrary to the theory that large bodies move slowly, we expect to finish the course with a dispatch that will astonish our instructors.

Our mathematician, Mr. T——, has just made a very interesting and startling discovery. He has found, by long and careful study of the problem, that if there were no Freshman class, in three years there would be no school at all! This certainly proves our importance.



Ancient Advice

DICK, trying hard to maintain the dignified seniorly pose, which he thought every lower classman should admire, sat in Room 20 trying to solve a particularly difficult problem in Solid Geometry. He had been out rather late the night before to a Senior dance, and, on account of the late hours, his brain was somewhat befogged. He was unable to keep his mind to his lesson; it wandered to different places in both modern and ancient times.

"My, Helen did look swell last night," he soliloquized, "and I had her all to myself almost all the time. I bet Ed is 'sore'."

"Richard, what is so interesting out in the street?" came the sharp reproof of Mr. Thompson, for Dick had been gazing vacantly out of the window.

Dick again commenced work on the problem in Solid, and grew drowsy as the hour progressed. Leaning his head on his hands he gaped, "Confound old Archimedes and all of his theor—." The rest of the sentence was never uttered.

Just then an elderly figure clad in old Grecian attire appeared before him and spoke, "My young friend, I have heard you reviling my works and have come to see about it."

"Who in the deuce are *you*?" demanded Dick.

The personage rose until it seemed to Dick (who was nearly six feet tall) to be several feet taller than he was. Then it spoke, "I am Archimedes, the founder of many important theories in geometry, and I have spent much of my valuable time in learning this barbarian language of yours that I might talk with you."

"Archimedes!" wondered Dick, "I thought that he was killed in the siege of Syracuse." Then, turning to his guest, he said, "Well, what do you want, old fellow?"

"Now here, Dick—"

"How do you know my name?" came from Dick in astonishment.

"That is my business," replied the old mathematician. "But see here, Richard, you must get to work. Only yesterday you tried

to prove the area of a truncated prism was equal to twice the area of the base times H . Now get to work. You know all these principles are essential to a civil engineer, which you intend to be, don't you?"

"Yes, but if I can't be one without all this junk, I'll dig ditches," came from Dick, doggedly.

Archimedes moved off a few steps and beckoned. A young lady, dressed in the flowing robes of the Greeks, came running to him. Dick gazed at her in amazement, for she greatly resembled the young lady of the night before.

"Helen!" exclaimed Dick.

"Yes, Dick," she answered.

"What in the world is this, a masquerade ball?"

"No, merely something to bring you to your senses," she said.

"What do you mean by being so familiar with that old codger?" asked Dick.

"Oh, Dick, don't speak so of him. Don't you know he is a very learned man?" cried Helen.

"Yes, he's the guy that gave us that awful torture of the mind, geometry," answered Dick.

"Young man, you should not speak so of a most beneficial study. Come, won't you follow my advice and get your Solid so that Miss Hawkins will not have to lecture you every day for such bad lessons?"

"Do, Dick; you know you could if you tried," urged the Grecian-robed Helen.

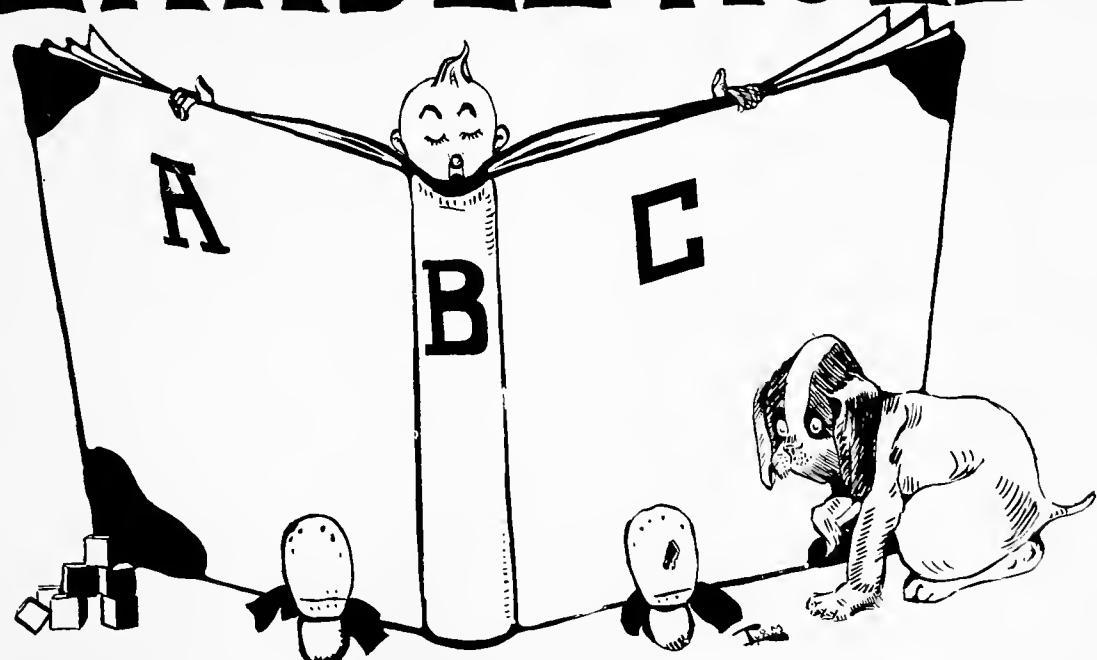
"Suppose I'll have to, but I hate that old rubbish and always will," answered Dick, with a sigh of resignation.

"I am glad to hear you say that you will try, but you should learn to like this ancient study better," said the old man, moving forward and laying a hand on Dick's shoulder.

Dick gave a start. Mr. Thompson was energetically shaking him by the shoulders, in the earnest endeavor to rouse him from a nap.

FORREST MURPHY, '13.

CRADLE ROLL



The Class of 1917

*"The girls we love for what they are,
Young men for what they promise to be."*
—Goethe.

DEMBERS of the High School Faculty, who for a number of years have made a specialty of observing and studying the incoming classes, are all agreed that for genuine loveliness and assured promise of true greatness the Freshman class of this semester is far superior to any previous entering class.

The day in February when about seventy of us entered High School will always be remembered as one great event in our lives. Graduation day is usually called "Commencement Day," but to us, entering day was Commencement.

Up to this time our promotion from one grade to another was not marked by any great changes in our everyday school life. Till this eventful day came we were known as "School Children." Now we are young men and women.

Our dignified demeanor, our instinctive familiarity with High School customs and surroundings, made such remarks as "Hello Freshies!" or any reference to our being "green" entirely out of place, as it did not apply to us.

After Professor Neff visited us at Garfield just before we came to High School, he was so impressed with our good behavior and self-control that he felt perfectly safe in resigning and leaving us in the care of the new principal, Professor Thompson.

We shall be very careful not to think ourselves greater or more important than we really are, but if one will watch us during the next four years he will discover that we are all we now claim to be, which is more than any previous entering class has been; and like some other things, we will "improve with age."

[EDITORS' NOTE—The editors do not hold themselves responsible for this article.]



The High School Alphabet

A is for Arnold,
"Chem" teacher fine;
Even Miss Rush
Thinks he's divine.

B is for babies,
The "Freshies" seem;
Sometimes are called
Innocent, green.

C is for Cotton,
Leo by name;
A boy of wonderful
Courtship fame.

D is for Detrick,
Our athletic king,
Who is never around
To coach the team.

E is for Eber,
A Junior so bright,
Who always acts
As our baseball light.

F is for Frank,
Bescher for short.
We all think he's
A wonderful sport.

G is for grades,
Some high, some low.

Our Latin grades,
Always high, you know.

H is for Howard,
Orator of renown.
In chapel we hear
His voice resound.

I is for interest,
For which we go fishin';
It helps sometimes,
When it's not a "condition."

J is for Juniors,
An excellent class,
With many a handsome
Laddie and lass.

K is for Kent,
Debater so smart.
Some of his remarks
Are emphatically tart.

L is for Leah,
With beautiful eyes,
Who really flirts,
Tho' she never tries.

M is for Monday,
Always "blue," they say;
We suppose 'tis 'cause Sunday
Lasts so late the next day.

N is for Nolte,
German teacher rare.
If we don't get our lessons,
She doesn't care—?

O is for Oh!
Which all would say,
When the basketball
Was passed to Ray.

P is for pretty,
Most R. H. S. girls are.
If they use powder and paint,
Their beauty they'll mar.

Q is for Quigg,
Basketball man so fast.
You think he's coming,
When lo! he is past.

R is for Richmond,
As you would guess,
Richmond High School,
Yes, yes, yes.

S is for spreads,
Of which we have many;
And when they're over,
Of food there's not any.

T is for Torrence,
With much avoirdupois.

But all of us know
He's a "jolly boy."

U is for useful,
Which we all hope to be;
For as much as we are,
We owe, High School, to thee.

V is for vanity—
We all have our share.
But Richmond is worth it,
So what do we care?

W is for writing,
Which is done in all schools;
The English department
Makes all the rules.

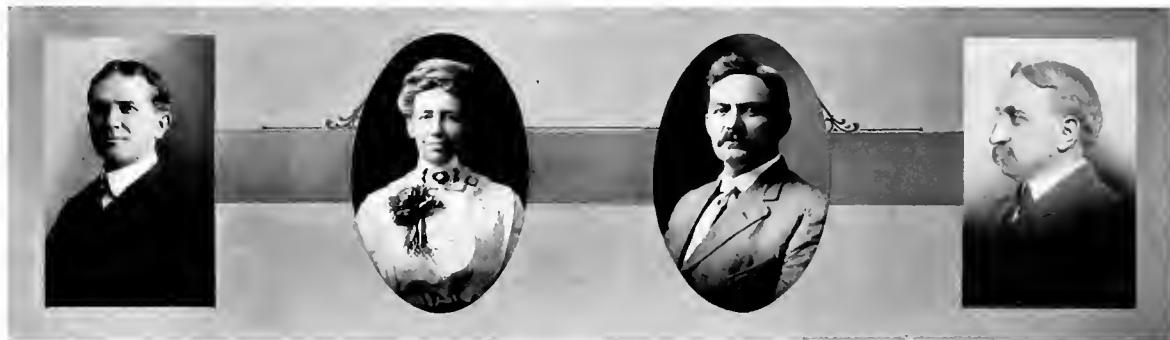
X is for —?
Oh, yes, the cross,
Which after our grades,
Means quite a loss.

Y, Alma Mater,
It is for you,
Richmond H. S.
We love so true.

Z is for "zis,"
In our Zis, Boom Bah.
Richmond High School,
Rah, Rah, Rah!

A JUNIOR.

Board of Education



DR. M. F. JOHNSTON, *President.*

MISS SARAH HILL, *Secretary.*

CHAS. W. JORDAN, *Treasurer.*

T. A. MOTT, *Superintendent of Schools.*

The Richmond High School

THEN I began teaching in Richmond, there was no high school building. The school was conducted in a house that had been built for a dwelling, located on the north-east corner of South Twelfth and A Streets. The following year this building was torn down, and the new High School building was begun. While this house was in the process of construction, we moved into the old Business College on North Twelfth Street, and remained there until what is now the Garfield School was finished.

How glad we were when we moved into this new house; we thought we were fixed for all time to come. We had room to spare, but the enrollment increased so rapidly that we soon had to take possession of the vacant rooms. When these were filled we had to put floors in the basement; then we had to take the office for a class room; and before we were aware of it, we were taxed to the limit of our wits to know what to do with the Garfield people when they were due in the fall and mid-year. At last there was but one thing to do—and that was to build again. So about five years ago a site was purchased, and the present new and modern building was erected.

During my connection with the High School we have had six principals. Had I the space necessary, it would be a pleasure for me to say something about all of these with whom I have been associated and whom I remember with so much pleasure; but as space forbids I shall mention only one—Professor Kelso. I always feel when I

think of him that, "Take him for all in all, we ne'er shall look upon his like again." He was a scholar and a gentleman in the very noblest sense of those words. During his administration, his influence was so good and so dominant that he left upon the school a stamp which will never be effaced.

He was a rigid disciplinarian, some thought too rigid; he had a clear vision as to how things ought to be, and, as he saw things, that was the way they had to be. It might have seemed to some that he was arbitrary in his methods, but no principal was ever more thoroughly aware of his responsibility than he, and he assumed it with a courage that was inspiring to his associates. We all felt that whatever he did, he was doing what he believed was right, and above all things both teachers and students felt that he was absolutely just. I am sure if we could call together all the alumni who were once pupils of Mr. Kelso, they would with one accord stand up and call him blessed.

The growth of the High School in the past twenty-five years has been little short of marvelous. If I remember correctly, the first class which was graduated after I came, had but twelve members; the class this June has one hundred and three. Twenty-five years ago the alumni numbered less than a hundred; in 1913 the enrollment was 660, and if to this we add the night school, the number is more than a thousand. Twenty-five years ago the faculty numbered six; in 1913 it numbers thirty-one.

JOHN F. THOMPSON.



The Orchestra



One of the most important factors in the school is the orchestra, which was organized fourteen years ago, by Mr. Will Earhart. Under his direction the group of players grew into an orchestra, widely known for its size and efficiency. This semester there are sixty-two members.

Two important changes have been made by Mr. Sloane, the new musical director: there are two rehearsals every week instead of one; and each player before he can enter has to have a recommendation from his private teacher.

The orchestra plays for all chapel exercises of High School and Night School. Several new orchestral albums, and other music, have been added to the library of the orchestra. The overtures of "Faust," "Carmen," "Il Trovatore," "Pique Dame," "The Bohemian Girl," "Poet and Peasant," and many smaller concert numbers have been studied and played by the orchestra this year.

Preparations are now being made for a concert to be given as a part of the School Music Festival. This festival is to be given on May 22 and 23 by the Orchestra, the Symphony Orchestra and the High School Chorus.

FIRST VIOLINS

Prof. John F. Thompson
Wesley Howard
Cornelia Shaw
Marjorie Wiltrot
Pauline Wrede
Roland Ball
Marjorie Morgan
Beatrice Williams
William Watt
Ruth Blossom
Kenneth Kennedy
Corinne Nusbaum
Norvella Doddridge

SECOND VIOLINS

Burton Howard
Carl Grottendick
Elizabeth Chrisman
Doloris Ellis
Juanita Ballard
Nina Shera
Leta Roland
Drew Lacey
Paul Steen
Hilda Kirkman
Marie Besselman
Florence McMahan
Irl King
Herschel Thomas
Karl Hamming

The Orchestra

R. C. SLOANE, *Director*

VIOLAS

Isabel Crabb
Florence Porter
Alma Getz

CELLOS

Clarence Neff
Marguerite Detiker
Malcolm Dill
Howard Ball

BASSES

Wray Draper
Benton Barlow
Howard Swisher

FLUTES

Russell Noss
Carlton Commons
Marlow Kluter

OBOES

Harry Woolley
Clarion Good

CLARINETS

Fred Lohman
Raymond Jenkins
Roy Campbell

BASSOON

Stanley Gehr

CORNETS

Harold Myers
Warren Beck
Eugene Quigg
Clair Reid

FRENCH HORNS

Philip Gates
Donald Warfel
Ernest Parks
Robert Dickinson
Wilbur Dickinson

TROMBONE

Lee Outland

TYMPANI

Gilbert Epps

DRUMS

Charles Curtis

PIANO

Marjorie Beck



The chorus is not so old an institution as the orchestra, but it holds just as prominent a place in the music department. Last semester there were about one hundred members; this semester there are two hundred.

When it was first organized, Mr. Earhart's book, "Art Songs for High Schools," was used and a musical program was given every month in chapel. This year some other music has been used, chiefly the choruses from Handel's "Messiah," from Mozart's "Twelfth Mass," and from Rossini's "William Tell." For the

Christmas exercises the chorus sang "Inflammatus," from Rossini's "Stabat Mater," the solo part being taken by Mrs. Krueger.

The increase in the membership this term is due to the new line of work which is being undertaken this spring. The chorus, assisted by a local quartette, is planning to give Cowan's cantata, "The Rose Maiden." This cantata by the chorus; an afternoon program by the High School Orchestra, together with several soloists from the school; and an evening concert by the Richmond Symphony Orchestra, constitute the School Music Festival of 1913.





Art



The Art Gallery, to both the student body and the citizens of Richmond, is one of the most interesting and most helpful features of the High School. Not only are the pictures belonging to the school hung there, but also the paintings bought by "The Richmond Art Association." During the season of 1912-13, the following exhibitions have been held:

OCTOBER—"The Indiana Circuit Exhibit" of 123 paintings and 65 pieces of handicraft.

DECEMBER—The "Holy Grail" hand-colored prints from the Edwin A. Abbey frieze.

Collection of Spanish paintings and prints in color of paintings in Prado Gallery, loaned by William D. Foulke.

JANUARY—Exhibit of water colors and pastels by the Philadelphia Water Color Club.

FEBRUARY—Exhibit of 38 paintings by Mr. and Mrs. J. Otis Adams of "The Hermitage," Brookville, Indiana.

APRIL—Collection of Japanese prints, loaned by Mrs. Virgil H. Lockwood of Indianapolis.

MAY—Exhibit of the Drawing, Manual Training, Domestic Art, and Domestic Science Departments of the Richmond Public Schools.

It has certainly been shown that the citizens of Richmond appreciate this gallery, in which so many fine and interesting pictures have hung, by the fact that about ten thousand have attended during the past season. Besides, seven different club meetings and as many receptions have been held at different times. Not only is it interesting but profitable as well. Six pictures, valuable pottery, and several children's dresses were sold during the winter.

The Art Gallery is only one feature of our art work. The art department of our school is one of the strongest art departments in Indiana. Courses in freehand drawing and the arts and crafts are maintained.

At various times the department has put out posters advertising different exhibits or entertainments. The metal class does many things that are pretty and useful, such as: hat pins, bar pins, nut bowls, watch fobs, napkin holders, fancy chains, cuff links, tie pins, tops for leather bags, and hair pins and combs. Many of these things have been shown in the Art Exhibits, and have received praise from the art critics of our city.



The pictures belonging to the permanent collection are as follows:

ART ASSOCIATION PURCHASES

T. C. Steele—"Whitewater Valley."
J. E. Bundy—"Blue Spring."
Mrs. H. S. St. John—"Roses."
John Vanderpoel—"Sunlight and Shadow."
Mrs. Pauline Dohn Rudolph—"In Wonderland."
Charles C. Curran—"Building the Dam."
R. B. Gruelle—"In Verdure Clad."
Frank Girardin—"Sunshine and Shadow."
Charles Conner—"November Day."

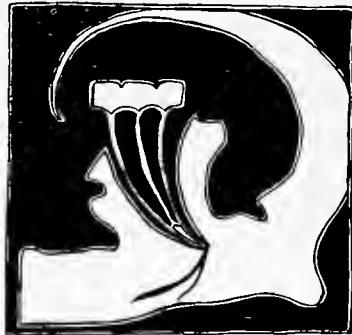
REID PURCHASE FUND

Henry Mosler—"The Duett."
Ben Foster—"Late Afternoon, Litchfield Hills."
Leonard Ochtman—"Old Pastures."
H. M. Walcott—"Hare and Hounds."
Frank Vincent Du Mond—"At the Well."
Albert L. Groll—"The Hopi Mesa."
Robert Reid—"Peonies."
John C. Johansen—"Fiesole, Florence."

GIFTS TO THE ART ASSOCIATION

J. Otis Adams—"A Summer Afternoon."
Janet Scudder—"The Tortoise Fountain."
Gladys H. Wilkinson—"A Corner of the Studio."
Robert W. Grafton—"Portrait, Timothy Nicholson."





M

SOCIAL

Senior

The first Senior event of the year was a spread, given in the gymnasium soon after enrollment for the fall term. A "spread" is a social gathering at which one is sure he'll be given something to eat. He eats things that he'd never think of eating at home and enjoys them. He lays aside all likes and dislikes, all formalities, and has one grand, good time.

In describing this particular spread, the last part of the definition fits perfectly. A basketball game was played, before the spread proper. Much basketball talent was revealed. As nearly as can be remembered, Bradley and Pohlenz tied for individual champion-ship. The attraction of the gymnasium apparatus held full sway.

Our Hallowe'en party, which was held some months later, was a success in every respect. The decoration committee had trans-

formed the "gym" into a gruesome and mysterious place, lighted only by pumpkin heads. The events of the evening were arranged on the steeple-chase plan. They consisted, among other things, of the chamber of horrors (and judging by the shrieks of its victims, this event justified its name), various kinds of fortune telling, and, last but not least, the apple-bobbing contest. In this connection, it should be mentioned that Mr. Torrence created quite a sensation. During the "refreshing" period of the evening, Wesley Howard gave several of his famous "Uncle Remus" readings.

One of our recent class enterprises, was the cooked feast held in the Physics laboratory. This was really above the average. The underclassmen have been wondering ever since how a feast, consisting of such rarities as veal patties and rolls, could be given for the small sum of ten cents per. The committee refuses to reveal

Thirty-two credits and a "case" is all the education some girls care for.

EVENTS



any secrets, but will confess that Miss Parsons' suggestions and support were back of it all.

A series of bi-weekly spreads were held during the second semester. Many events, to take place during commencement week, are being planned. Now, if it is perfectly proper, the Senior class wishes to thank its faculty advisers for their suggestions, help, and chaperonage. The class is positive that their assistance has been the cause of its social success.

Junior

On a memorable evening last winter the Juniors assembled in the "Gym" for a frolic, such as can never be forgotten. During the evening several games were played and "stunts" were performed by different members of the class. The one which probably lingers

in the minds of most of the Juniors was given by our President and Vice-President. It was on that evening also, that some of our members exhibited their dramatic ability by giving a pantomime entitled, "Wanted—a Wife." This was so good that they were asked to repeat it on the evening of the 1913 Festival. Our orchestra was one of the best features of the evening. The members showed how well versed they are in all lines of music by playing everything, from "Everybody's Doing It" to "Carmen."

On April 1, the "Arcade" was rented by the class and a "Dutch" treat given for everybody who had a nickel, or, perchance, a generous friend.

Many other functions have been held by our class, and in every detail they were as novel and successful as those held earlier in the term.

Nearly all the girls would be more interesting if they had not been up so late the night before.

Grinds

A STUDY IN CASES

He decides she is the girl for him—Nominative.
He calls—Dative.
They quarrel—Accusative.
A friend intercedes successfully—Dative of the agent.
He sees her father—Vocative.
They marry—Nominative absolute.

Mr. Kelly was "shocking" some students in Physics. Herbert Hart to M. G.—"Guess I'll put my arm around you and shock the whole class."

Junior—"Our class is so large that they had to take our picture in two parts."

Senior—"That's nothing; ours is so large that they took each of us separately."

Wanted, by 1914 coach—A trained nurse for Eugene Quigg.

We always laugh at teacher's jokes,
No matter what they be;
'Tis not because they're funny,
But because it's policy.—E.r.

If you can't enjoy these jokes, you're like the man who steps on a tack in the dark.

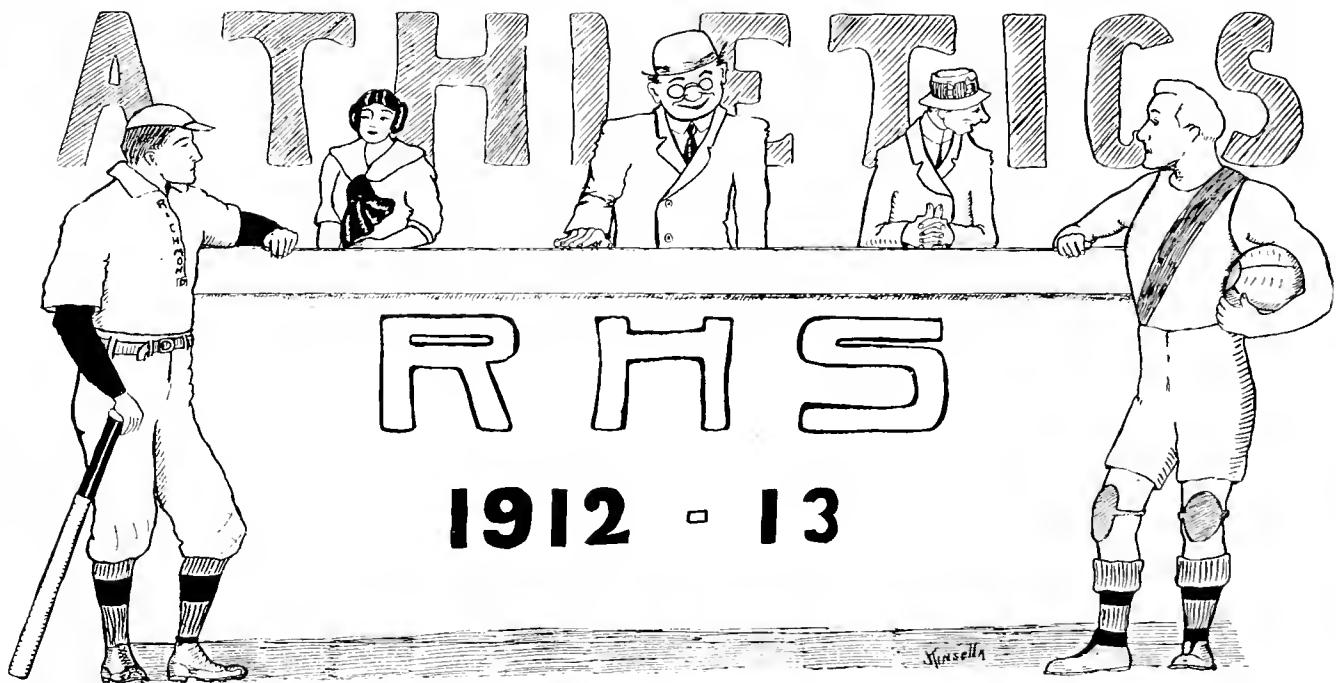
THE SCHOOL PLAY FOR 1913

"Officer 666"—Horatio Land.
"The Scarecrow"—Benton Barlow.
"The Spring(ing) Maid"—Florence Kamp.
"Mutt and Jeff" {Lee Genn.
 Roland Donlin.
"The Heart Breakers" {Roland Ball.
 Leo Cotton.
"The Slim Princess"—Esther Coate.
"The Music Master"—Philip Gates.
"A Daughter of Heaven"—Addie Dean.
"The Sun Dodgers" {Walter Davis.
 Karl Haner.
"Ready Money" (?)—Ed Williams.
"Fine Feathers"—Norvella Doddridge.
"The Great Divide" {Ed Williams.
 Dorothy Land.

Mr. Arnold (to his class in chemistry)—"We will now take up the work today where we left off tomorrow."

Oh, that interest book in the office,
Where a scratch of a pen brings destruction;
For a nod or a wink to a dear one,
Is quite sure to bring a reduction.

M. R. S.



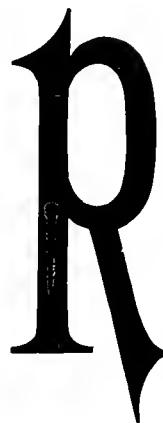
The Wearers of the "R"

BASKETBALL

HERBERT HART
WILBUR BALL
RAYMOND MAYER
EUGENE QUIGG
CROZIER THORNBURG
SELDEN PHILLIPS

TRACK

PAUL MILLER



BASEBALL

WALTER DAVIS
HERBERT HART
WINFIELD URBAN
JAMES KINSELLA

DEBATING

CORA GATES
KENT MORSE
HOWARD MESSICK



The Interclass Meet of 1912

The interclass track meet last year was a decided success from the Junior point of view. The Juniors won nine firsts out of a possible thirteen. Paul Miller and Boyd Brown each won three firsts for the Juniors; Miller winning the 120 hurdle, the pole vault, and discus; Brown winning the 100-yard dash, the 220-yard dash, and the shot put. Xenophon King won the mile run, Lee Genn took the high jump, and the Junior relay team won the relay.

The Seniors and Freshmen each won two firsts. Wilbur Kamp and Clark Sampson, for the Freshmen, won the 440 and the 880-yard runs, respectively. For the Seniors, Harold Scott won the 220 hurdles, and Carl Sieweke won the running broad jump.

As a result of this meet the Juniors had the class name engraved on the silver cup, and won a large blanket pennant, offered as a prize for the relay.

Baseball

1912 BASEBALL

Last year a school baseball team was organized for the first time in several years.

On account of the inexperience of the players, the season was not a great success. But the team as a whole was able to give a good account of itself, for three games were won out of a schedule of six. The main weakness was the lack of team work.

PERSONNEL OF TEAM

Harold Scott—Captain, and first baseman.

Roscoe Doddridge—A clever and steady catcher.

Ralph Nicodemus—A good pitcher and hitter.

Winfield Urban—"Windy" is an excellent shortstop and a sure hitter.

James Kinsella—A good fielding third baseman.

Walter Davis—An outfielder and also has ability as a pitcher.

Herbert Hart—"Red" is an outfielder and is good on receiving passes.

Emery Caster—Caster is a fast outfielder and a sure hitter.

Hilton Long—"Hink" is a good hitter.

Warren Meranda—Second baseman; is quiet, but dependable.

Gartside and Fivel—Two good subs. who have shown their ability.

1913 BASEBALL

In spite of the fact that only four "R" men—Urban, Hart, Meranda and Davis—and two subs, Gartside and Fivel, remained from last year, a fast team has been organized.

The school as a whole is giving better support to baseball this semester than it did last year. Owing to the fact that few High Schools organize teams, only seven games were scheduled. But on account of various reasons the two games with Shelbyville were canceled.

So far, two games have been played. The first was lost to Knightstown, by a score of 10 to 6. The second game was won by the score of 12 to 5, from New Madison High School. A great improvement in the work of our team was shown over the first game. With the start they now have it is hoped that they will win the rest of the games.

The schedule is as follows:

May 9—Knightstown vs. R. H. S. at Richmond.

May 10—New Madison vs. R. H. S. at Richmond.

May 16—Liberty vs. R. H. S. at Richmond.

May 24—Liberty vs. R. H. S. at Liberty.

May 29—Knightstown vs. R. H. S. at Knightstown.

Tennis

The first tennis player to wear an "R" in High School was Earl Spangler, who defeated Robert Thornburg, in 1910. The next year, as there was some misunderstanding between members of the faculty and Board of Control, "R's" were not awarded. Last year,

for some reason, interest in tennis waned to such an extent that no tournament was arranged for. This year, however, interest has been revived to such an extent that Professor Thompson has arranged a tournament. Many players are showing good form and speed.

Some people are just as happy as if they had 25 in interest.



THE BASEBALL SQUAD

Basketball

ONCE in every two or three years in the school's athletic history, there are teams which do not come up to that which is expected of them. This, however, is through no fault of management, or the team itself, but just because the members of the team do not seem to be able to pull together. This was our trouble during the season just closed. The team had a hard time, and the credit for its success, such as it was, is due, in a large measure, to Captain Mayer. Many thanks and deepest gratitude are due to Mr. Harrington, who, in the first few weeks, helped us wonderfully in plays and team work. The team was also greatly helped by a cheerful, long-suffering, optimistic squad, consisting of Warren Meranda, John Beissman, "Cyclone" Webb, Burrell McKee, Lawrence Hoover, and Winfield Urban.

The season for us began late, too late, in fact, to get into proper trim for the first game with Anderson. Consequently, Anderson had but a good practice game, the score being 44 to 9. The next week New Castle beat us in a close, hard-fought game, by a score of 23 to 22. A week later, Steele, of Dayton, trounced us in a fast, rough game. The score was 33 to 24. The next week we gave the little end of the score, 27 to 9, to Rushville. During Christmas vacation we played the fastest, roughest game of the season, with last year's varsity, and lost by the score of 19 to 11. Centerville beat us on their own floor, 27 to 17; but then, consider the source. The team went to Stivers, and was defeated again by the score of 37 to 21. When Shelbyville came to town we had to take another defeat. The score was 40 to 19. On the Coliseum floor we gave Stivers a good scrap, but lost, 28 to 19. The next game we took from Connersville by a narrow margin, 18 to 17. The team then went to Shelbyville and held them to the lowest score they made during the season, 38 to 9. The next night we took another game from Rushville, 27 to 10. In a fast, rough game with New Castle,

we lost by 15 points, the score being 28 to 13. As a result of injuries received in the last few games, some of the regulars were out; so when Centerville came here, several subs. were used. They certainly did themselves proud, and surprised not a few by their excellent work. The game was lost by a score of 24 to 21. The last game, which was with Anderson, was certainly a surprise to everyone. The team suddenly "found" itself. The members played like five stars, which in truth they were. Mayer and Phillips at forward could not be surpassed in floor work and they found the basket at will. Ball at center played a fast, sure game. Thornburg and Hart, at guard, did their duty so well that Anderson's captain, and star man, Beach, was removed because he couldn't come through with a sufficient number of baskets. Eugene Quigg and Ross Lyons, who were out of the last few games, should be given credit for their excellent work during the first part of the season.

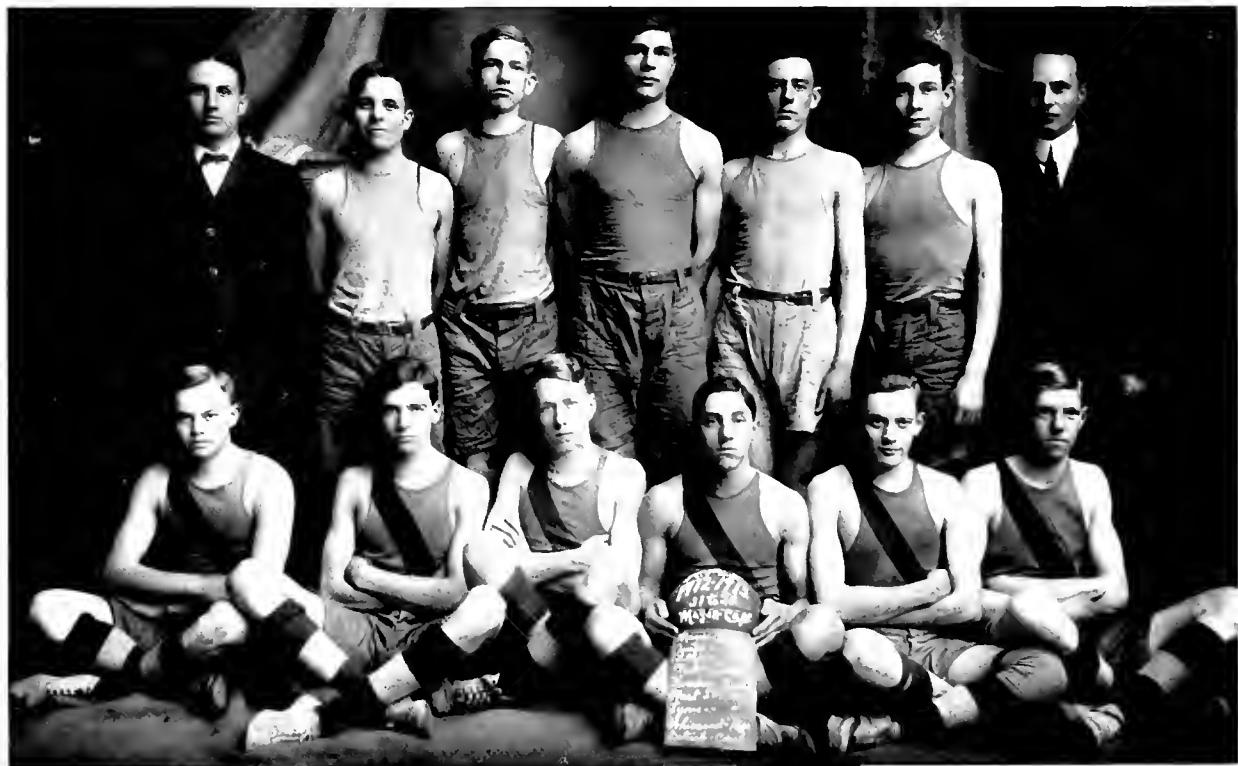
The team will lose one man by graduation, Captain Mayer. He will be missed keenly by the rest of the team, for he was their mainstay in "time of trouble." Next year's team certainly has, if it sticks together, a most brilliant outlook. Judging from the work of the members in the past, and the ability of the new leader, Captain Thornburg, we sincerely believe that the team of 1913-14 will be a winner in every sense of the word.

THE GAMES AT HOME

December 13—New Castle.
December 20—Steele, of Dayton.
January 3—Rushville.
January 24—Shelbyville.
January 31—Stivers, of Dayton.
February 7—Connersville.
March 7—Anderson.

THE GAMES AWAY

December 6—Anderson.
January 17—Stivers.
February 14—Shelbyville.
February 15—Rushville.
February 22—New Castle.
February 28—Connersville.



THE BASKETBALL SQUAD

Basketball Men

CAPTAIN MAYER—The star of the season. His playing made the team. He was the fastest, most elusive player ever seen on the Richmond floor. He will undoubtedly be the future pride of some university team.

CROZIER THORNBURG—“Captain Thornburg,” if you please. “Croz.” is our “one best bet” for next year. A brilliant second to Captain Mayer. Many visitors rubbed sore spots of his making.

HERBERT HART—“Blondy” was the meek and long-suffering country representative. He seemed slow and awkward, but he always happened to be where he was most needed. He played a strong, steady game throughout the season, and proved his worth in more than one tight place.

WILBUR BALL—“Wib.” The girls loved his dreamy dark brown eyes, and the players shunned his elbows. He played a good, steady game throughout the season.

EUGENE QUIGG—“Gene.” His mother’s cooking and Pompeian Massage Cream inspired his goal throwing. Stivers still has nightmares of “Quigg” holding a ball, with a goal for a halo.

ROSS LYONS—“Red” is proud of his shape. If he didn’t have a scrap of his own, he was into one of his teammate’s.

SELDEN PHILLIPS—“Sel” is the best natured man on the team. He was always bewailing one of his own hurts or laughing at one he had given. He was the life of the team, but unfortunately he did not find his place until the last game with Anderson.



THE PUBLIC PLAYGROUNDS

Girls' Athletics

BASKETBALL

At the beginning of the Fall semester, class teams were organized for the first time in High School. The Juniors and Seniors were combined in one team, as there were not enough players for separate teams. The Sophomores had one team, and the Freshmen were fortunate enough to have two.

With Miss Comstock as coach, and Miss Eleanora Shute as the referee, the girls entered enthusiastically into the game.

The teams were all working hard for the championship. When the Freshman team started out it was extremely strong. Each of the other teams was doing its best to stop the onrushing little "Freshies," but up to the finals, the Junior-Senior and Sophomore teams were able to do no more than hold them. Each team had won four games.

Then came the fight. During the try-out the "Freshies" were soon put out by the ever-active Sophomores. They in turn were defeated by the Junior-Senior team, and next came the finals—the Sophomore against the Junior-Senior. In this game the Junior-Senior was almost hopelessly defeated by the Sophomore team to the tune of 8 to 2.

The basketball for this year ended with a very interesting game played with picked teams. After the game, the annual basketball spread was given in the "Gym."

BASEBALL

Just as soon as the basketball season was over the girls organized for baseball. Of course, they couldn't play a particularly scientific game, but they made up in enthusiasm what they lacked in skill. Oddly enough, it was usually the Freshmen who carried off the honors.

A pennant was given to the winning baseball team at the G. A. A. banquet.

TENNIS

More enthusiasm has been shown in tennis this year than ever before. This has been due to our teacher, Miss Comstock, who has taken a great interest in the High School girls and believes in play as well as work.

Mr. Thompson kindly said he would get the courts in condition to play as soon as the weather permitted; consequently, we were able to begin playing much sooner than we did last year.

The first tournament that was ever held for the girls in High School was held last spring, in which Marie Kauffman won the championship.

Kate before breakfast is not the same girl.



FRESHMEN TEAMS

Mable Simon, Capt.	Mabel Lohr, Capt.
Jessie Chapman	Mildred Ernest
Elva O'Bailey	Caroline Bradley
Frances Clawson	Elsie Updike
Helen Ball	Caroline Smith
Van Dora McKee	Pearl Lloyd
Dorothy Heironimus	Esther Jones
Nora Jackson	Aileen Beissman
Pauline Wessel	Doris Shesler
Bessie Cruse	Anna Schneider
Katherine Daub	Wilhelmina Traum
Claribel Barnard	



SOPHOMORE TEAM

Marie Kauffman, Capt.	
Edith Haworth	Marie Besselman
Ruth White	Mable Jacobs
Juanita Ballard	Ruth Pfafflin

JUNIOR-SENIOR TEAM

Margaret Wickemeyer, Capt.	
Jennie Meranda	Emily Fletcher
Leta Roland	Zelma Lynn
Edna Von Pein	Genevieve Kamp
Ruth Shera	Ima Fasick
Isabel Crabb	

President—EMILY M. FLETCHER
Vice-President—GENEVIEVE KAMP

Girls' Athletic Association

Secretary—ELIZABETH MARVEL
Treasurer—RUTH SHERA



The Girls' Athletic Association was organized three years ago by Miss Comstock, our physical training teacher. It has grown until now it is the largest organization in the school. To be a member of the Association, one is required to take a year of gymnastics; and, as one year of this work is now compulsory in the school course, practically every girl is eligible. The purpose of the Association is to get the girls better acquainted with each other, especially with those just entering from Garfield.

Our parties are in the nature of spreads, receptions, banquets and various other things. The party for the "Freshies" this year was a spread.

The finest and grandest affair of the year is the banquet which is held at the end of the Spring semester. During this time we elect our officers for the coming year and award honors to winners of different games and also to the one securing the championship in the tournament.

Miss Tallant was made our first honorary member and she responded to a toast, in her own delightful way.

The spirit of the Association is shown in our song, composed by Mary Mather, and sung to the tune of "Oh, Mr. Dream Man," which is as follows:

For fun and pleasure and different kinds of play,
Come be a member of the G. A. A.
We're in for sports of every kind, as you will see.
Of tennis, base and basketball we're fond as we can be.
But when we banquet—oh my, oh my, oh my!
That is the greatest day.
Judge by the sound, there can't be found
Such grand old times on High School ground.
Oh, nothing could be just like the G. A. A.

The Invader

HAT History exam tomorrow was going to be a stiff one, that much Tom Jones was sure of, as he pulled up his chair in front of his desk, lighted the desk-lamp, and opened his book. It was already half-past seven. He must hurry, he reflected, for there was much to be done if he wanted to pass the coming examination. He had just opened his book and had begun to memorize the dates of the discovery and explorations of America, when the telephone bell gave a long, loud ring.

Tom sprang to the instrument and said, "Hello."

"Hello," came the reply. "Is that you, Tom? This is Mabel Smith. Why, Tom, have you your geometry at home? I forgot mine and Miss Reynard is going to give us one of her characteristically terrible exams. tomorrow over six theorems that I haven't even looked at! I thought that if you had your geom. at home, you might let me use it."

"Well, I'm sorry," Tom answered, "but I haven't my geometry at home tonight. I have to spend all my time on history."

"Oh, Pshaw!" wailed Mabel, "and I haven't even looked at those theorems."

Tom reflected a moment and then said generously, "I tell you, I'll go down to school and get your book for you."

"Will you? Oh, how perfectly nice and lovely of you. But the building will be locked, won't it?"

"I don't know; I'll get in some way."

"Oh, thank you so much, Tom. Good-bye."

"Good-bye."

Tom hung up the receiver, and sighed as he said to himself, "Now why in the world did I do that? I knew that I needed every minute of the time to study. But—." A smile overspread his face and he murmured to himself, "She certainly is a dandy."

Then he seized his hat, left the house, mounted his bicycle and

rode quickly to the High School. He left his wheel on the curb and began a tour of inspection around the tall, unlighted building, in search of an unlocked window. All those which he could reach were securely fastened and he was despairing when he stumbled over an old ladder on the darker side of the building.

He seized it with delight and raised it to the nearest window. This one and the next were both locked, but, to his great joy the third one was unfastened, and he was soon in the building. He cautiously felt his way along the hall through the dark and soon found the lockers. Here he struck a match, and after much diligent searching found Mabel's locker. He opened it, and having set aside the powder box, powder puff, cooking aprons, and other miscellaneous articles which are always among the feminine "junk" to be found in any girl's locker, he rooted her geometry from the untidy pile of books and papers.

He slipped the book into his coat-pocket and carefully felt his way along the wall, toward the window, but before reaching it he ran into a half-opened door and bumped his head a severe blow.

He was just preparing to descend the ladder when he noticed a policeman standing in the shadow of a tree, looking intently at the suggestive ladder and the open window. He had evidently been walking past just when Tom had bumped into the door and had heard the consequent oration. The policeman hesitated for a moment and then came across the school yard, climbed the ladder, and peered into the hallway. Tom retreated to the farther end of the hall and anxiously waited in the darkness to see what the figure, silhouetted against the corner light, would do. Suddenly the policeman flashed his searchlight and caught a momentary glimpse of Tom crouching against the lockers.

Tom sprang down the side hallway and then stopped to listen—yes, the policeman was following him. What could poor Tom do?

He did not want to be caught, for he would be thought guilty of some mischief to the school, so he ran through several connected rooms and out into the hall again, just managing to keep out of the policeman's way. Suddenly he stumbled over a pile of hose which was used with the vacuum cleaner system, and which had been carelessly piled in the corner of the hall, near a window.

The thought flashed through his mind that here was an opportunity for escape. He tried the window. Fortunately it was unlocked. He raised the sash just as the policeman came running around the corner. Tom ran up a narrow side-hall, through a room and out into the large hall again, with the policeman, unfamiliar with the route, slowly following. Tom again arrived at the window, and, on his second attempt, he securely fastened one end of the long hose to the iron rack in the corner, on which the hose was ordinarily kept. This was no sooner done than the troublesome policeman appeared again. Tom was off on his usual circuit, but he had lingered rather daringly in front of the policeman, and he was hotly pursued. Suddenly Tom stumbled and before he could get up the policeman was upon him and had seized him by the coat collar. Said the policeman, "Looky here, young feller, what do you mean by——" but he got no further, for with a dexterous turn and jerk, Tom slipped out of his coat and sped down the hall, leaving the astonished policeman holding the coat and staring after him. Then suddenly he seemed to awake, and casting the coat to one side, again sprang after Tom. In the meantime Tom had circled through the various rooms to the other end of the hall, and was anxiously waiting to see what the policeman would do with his coat, for not only would it serve to identify him, but in one pocket was the geometry that he had gone through so much to get. When the policeman cast aside the coat and disappeared down the corridor, Tom suppressed a shout of delight, hurried down the hall, and soon he had his coat and was on his way to the window.

On his third arrival at the window, Tom, seizing the hose, dropped one end of it out of the window. Then he buttoned

his coat, pulled on his hat and slipped out of the window and slid down the hose. On his way down he was congratulating himself on his escape, when the hose came loose at the top and he fell about six feet, pulling about fifty pounds of hose down on top of his head. He fell in a miserably sore and painful heap, but he got up gamely, for the policeman, hearing the noise of the falling hose, had come running to the window and looked out just as Tom struggled to his feet. The policeman shouted, "Halt! Halt!", but Tom only laughed provokingly, limped to his bicycle and was several squares from the building before the astonished policeman had found his way down the ladder and around to the other side of the building.

He rode directly to Mabel's house, and, not being able to walk to the door because of his sprained ankle, whistled for her to come out. "Is that you, Tom?" she asked eagerly.

"Yes, and here's your geometry," he replied, gritting his teeth from pain.

"Did you have a hard time getting it?" she asked innocently.

"Oh, no," said Tom, repressing a grin.

"Won't you come in?"

"No, thanks; I must study history. Good-night."

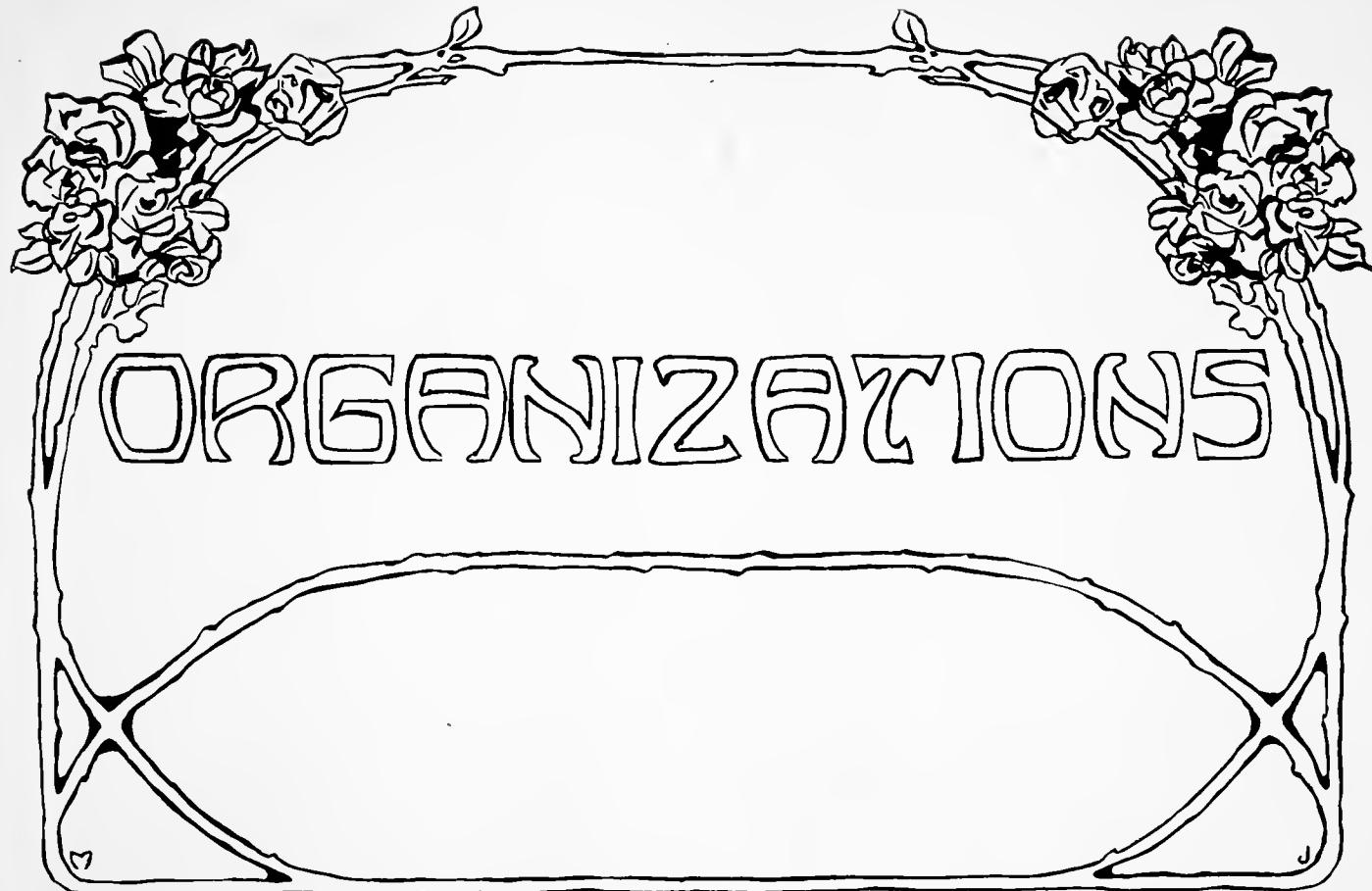
"Good-night, and thank you so much for getting the book."

Tom rode home, doctored his ankle, and tried to study the long-neglected history, but the events of the evening had excited him so much that he could not study.

By the next morning his ankle was much better and he was able to walk to school.

That afternoon Mabel proudly showed him her geometry test-paper on which she had made a grade of ninety-nine, for which she declared he deserved all the credit. When she asked Tom what he got in history, he said that it was of minor importance, and would not tell her that the companion piece to her ninety-nine was a fifty-three.

WARREN BECK, '13.



The Board of Control

President—PAUL MILLER, '13.

Vice-President—LEE OUTLAND, '15.

Secretary—GENEVIEVE KAMP, '14.

Treasurer—F. L. TORRENCE.

The Board of Control, which was organized in 1908, consists of six members, three chosen from the faculty by the students and three from the student body by the faculty. These members are chosen at the beginning of each fall semester and serve for the following year. The main duty of the Board is to supervise and finance all school enterprises. The constitution provides for a regular meeting each calendar month of the school year, but other meetings are held at the call of the president, when some matter of importance is to be considered.

Who stages every Senior play,
And in all things does lead the way,
And in the end all bills does pay?
The Board of Control.

Who sends the orators to "Chi,"
For rank and scholarship to try,

And raise old High School's fame on high?
The Board of Control.

And who was it that bought the clothes,
And baseball bats and red-striped hose,
For them to deal their mighty blows?
The Board of Control.

Who gave out "R's" when the year's end came,
To those who won in every game,
And tried to bring the school to fame?
The Board of Control.

Then may we ever grateful be,
For all thy care and energy,
And ne'er withdraw our love from thee,
Oh, Board of Control.

BOARD OF CONTROL



F.L. TORRENCE
TREASURER



PAUL H. MILLER
PRESIDENT



GENEVIEVE KAMP
SECRETARY



LEE OUTLAND



ANNA FINFROCK



J.F. THOMPSON



B.W. KELLY



The Debating League

WILL C. CONRAD
Instructor



The existence of debating in the curriculum of the Richmond High School is due to the efforts of that old friend of ours, Miss Tallant. It was she who called the initial meeting of this class in the fall of 1909.

In 1910 the work was taken up by Arthur L. Murray, former head of the English department. Under his fostering the art assumed even a greater aspect, as well as a greater prospect in our school. Under his direction the club was divided into leagues, and the leagues into teams. Debates were held between the leagues, and questions ranging from "Resolved, that schools are a nuisance," to the controversy over National Disarmament, were twisted back and forth. In this year the club had a membership of twenty-five—a number which showed a great increase over the former year.

In 1911 the work was continued under Mr. Murray, the club being divided into two class leagues; namely, the Junior and Senior leagues. Interest was sky-high, the leagues having a joint membership of thirty-five. In this year debating became an accredited

subject, and classes were held during the school hours. The cause of debating prospered, and a good foundation was laid for the classes of 1912.

In the last named year, Mr. Conrad came to us. Under his organization, thirteen members have been enrolled. The smallness of the class is due to the fact that many persons who desired to join were prevented because of conflicts with other subjects. However, what is lacking in quantity, has been made up in quality; a systematic, organized line of action has been entered into, and the work is succeeding well. This year William Williams and Howard Smith won the league championship with a percentage of .666.

The prospects for next year are exceedingly bright. New plans are being worked out and many innovations are to be made in the course. For instance, a text-book—something that the club has always felt the need of—will be adopted and followed. Other ideas, most of them still in the embryo, will be tried out and their merits noted.

Leo Cotton
Cora Gates
Leroy Gibbons
Philip Gates
Howard Messick
Kent Morse
Olive Underhill
Edward Williams
William Williams
Howard Smith
Wesley Howard
Myron Randell
Helen Kenworthy



Debating?



Interscholastic Debating



VARSITY DEBATING TEAM

1911

Richmond at Marion—Won! Indianapolis at Richmond—Won!

1912

Richmond at Anderson—Won! Richmond at New Albany—Lost!

1913

Kokomo at Richmond—Won!

Such a record as the above is truly one of which the Richmond High School should be proud. Few high schools of Indiana can boast of such a splendid showing.

And we are not old at the game. Our first interscholastic debate was held just two years ago. That year our team was composed of Frances O'Brien, Eleonora Shute and Fred Girty. The question was, "Resolved, that the commission plan of government is desirable for the cities and towns of Indiana." Few of those who heard the debate with Shortridge, of Indianapolis, will forget how Miss O'Brien conclusively proved that "Chicago has more Jews than Jerusalem."

Then the next year Bertha Walterman, Harry Woolley, Howard Messick and Lester Turner won places on the varsity team. They debated the question of the recall for municipal officers. The only reason we lost the debate with New Albany was because one of the judges was so deaf he couldn't hear Harry's gentle voice.

For this year our team was composed entirely of Seniors. Cora Gates, Howard Messick and Kent Morse, with William Williams as alternate, composed our fighting line. Our question was, "Resolved, that the Indiana State Legislature should provide for the creation of a permanent board of arbitration to which must be submitted all disputes between labor and capital that cannot be settled by agreement, and the decision of such board shall be binding."

Rather lengthy, isn't it? But we won it just the same.

Well, here's to the team of 1914, and may they add another laurel to our already heaped-up crown.

To fuss is one of life's sternest duties.



Night School

STRANGER—"Why the brilliantly lighted factory?"

CITIZEN—"That's the night shift at the 'Knowledge Works'."

Such a conversation might have been overheard on almost any Tuesday or Friday night from November 12 to April 12, during the past school year, and the reply would have conveyed pretty aptly the underlying idea of the newest department of an already diversified institution.

On the first assembly of the Night School, the auditorium was filled to overflowing, over five hundred of the audience being registered in one or more courses. Later the enrollment reached nearly 700. The contrast between this assembly and that of the day school was marked. The average age was several years greater. They were men and women, not boys and girls. They were in attendance to gain some particular end, not because somebody sent them to school, or because they anticipated a good time, or because they "wanted to get an education." In the main, they were busy people who had for one reason and another been deprived of an education during the years usually spent in the pursuit of knowledge, and who were now gratefully embracing this opportunity to make up lost time.

As a whole, this audience lacked the happy, care-free, enthusiastic demeanor shown by a High School assembly. One missed

the "flutter" when announcements were read; pleasantries from the platform failed to produce the usual very audible response; the applause before and after a speaker's appearance was subdued if not totally lacking, and most apparent of all was the lack of the customary "big hand" when "our orchestra" gave its usual very creditable "rendition." But one felt all the while that they were just as appreciative as any audience, that they merely had not had the training as "listeners" which the day students receive for four years—one of the best legacies of the institution.

Mr. Jordan, member of the Board of Education, pointed out the one essential difference in the administrative side of these two schools when he said that much of the time of the day-school teacher was taken up in problems of discipline, but that not one minute of time was to be spent in checking up "interest" in the Night School. And his statement was verified through the weeks that followed. A somewhat different standard was maintained in the class rooms, but the lack of "communication" and "idleness" and "impudence" and "noisiness" was so apparent that the fondest dream of the conscientious "school marm" seemed to be realized.

The personnel of the school was as varied as it was interesting. There were clerks and shopmen, bookkeepers and molders, skilled artisans and day laborers, house maids and housewives, sales ladies and factory girls, college graduates and foreigners who could not

read a line of English,—all together on a common basis, imbued with a common idea which took them night after night from comfortable firesides and clubs, through rain and sleet and cold, to make up the lost time or lost opportunity of youth—to become more efficient citizens.

Just how did this earnest throng expect to "put themselves right?" First of all, a large number wanted English—not Shakespeare and Bacon and Tennyson and Irving and Webster's Bunker Hill, or Washington's Farewell Address, but just plain every-day how's-the-best-way-to-say-it United States. In Mr. Kelly's class were Italians and Hungarians and Poles and Germans, Porto Ricans and Scandinavians and Holland Dutch, the majority having been "over" less than a year, but anxious to learn, willing to apply themselves to the complicated task of mastering a strange tongue and pathetically grateful. Four sections recited to Miss Thompson and Mr. Conrad in more advanced work in speaking and writing the language. These pupils were, in the main, employed in capacities where they came in daily contact with people and they had come to realize the importance of good diction and had a conscious aim in their study.

The only academic science offered was Chemistry, by Mr. Arnold. The regular line was departed from somewhat and emphasis placed on some of the more practical applications of the subject, including simple mathematical relations.

Two sections of more advanced pupils found in Algebra and Geometry, under Mr. Torrence, an aid to mechanical drawing and engineering employment, while many sought the Business Arithmetic Course under Mr. Pritchard and later Mr. Wissler. The other

branches of Commercial work, Bookkeeping, Shorthand, Type-writing and Penmanship, under Mr. Helman, Mr. Detrick, Miss Rush, Miss Chamness and Mr. Tschaen, attracted the majority of pupils and, while the nature of the work differed little from the day courses, a much wider range of capability and application was apparent. The facilities in Domestic Arts and Manual Training were inadequate to the demand and classes had to be divided or limited in membership. The girls cooked and sewed and "millinered" under Misses Parsons, Bond, and Kelsey,—but how is a mere man editor going to comment on products or pupils without displaying his ignorance or getting himself into a peck of trouble?

Mr. Roy and Miss Kraft each offered courses in mechanical drawing, and Mr. Mays kept the lathes merrily humming in the turning room.

The purely cultural was by no means slighted, and classes in sight singing with Miss Ellis and freehand drawing with Miss Locke were freely patronized.

Finally, physical development of both boys and girls was not neglected, and Mr. Detrick and Miss Comstock kept the "gym" resounding with the spontaneous cries of normal play during their respective periods just as it is wont to be during the day.

All in all, the Night School was a great success. Another year it can be made better. All honor to the Board, Principal Neff and other officials who made it possible. The building and equipment are here. They earn no dividends when idle. The Night School pupils are collecting their share when they come. The problem of increasing efficiency has been attacked and at least partially solved as the factory would solve it.

Pedestrian Club

ETHYL WILLIAMS, *President*

EMILY FLETCHER, *Vice-President*

GENEVIEVE KAMPE, *Secretary*

CELINA GEHR, *Treasurer*

Claribel Barnard

Genevieve Kampe

Eleanor Gifford

Inna Fasick

Margaret Pohlenz

Anna L. Finfrock

Stella Brokamp

Emily Fletcher

Marguerite Deuker

Pauline Wrede

Jennie Mferanda

Angie Roll

Gladys Barnard

Ruth Pfafflin

Isabel Crabb

Florence Kampe

Elsie Rush

Ethyl Williams

Rhea Ackerman

Edith Haworth

Marie Kauffman

Ruth Shera

Clara Weisbrod

Grace Shera

Celina Gehr

Mildred Cutter

Edna Von Pein

Helen Ball

Jessie Chapman

The Pedestrian Club was organized in 1910, by world-renowned hikers. In spite of the fact that the original members have walked on out of High School into a higher plane, the club has prospered each year until now it is recognized as a very important factor in school activities.

Plays, banquets, hikes, and best of all, camp-suppers have been enjoyed and many farmers have been astonished at the answer given to the simple question, "Who are you?"

"Who are, who are, who are we?
We're the R. H. S. P. C.!
Are we it? Well, I guess!
We are the hikers of the R. H. S.!"

Miss Tallant was given a spread in the "gym" last fall, when she visited the school. This social event was enjoyed by all the members.



THE PEDESTRIAN CLUB

The Hi-Fliers

Organized February 30, 1913

Colors—Pale Orange and Ceruse

Motto—Fly or Drop

Club Rooms—Weather Instrument Shed, fifth floor High School

Flower—Daffydl

Meetings—Sixth Tuesday of each calendar month



This club was organized for the purpose of following the advance (or retreat) of civilization in the direction of aviation. A special feature of the club is a feed given every time an inventor makes an airship that will not work. A new member is taken in

at each feed. Present enrollment, nine thousand three hundred and eighty-six. Qualifications for membership: Applicant must be able to jump from the top of the school building, or get down in any other manner possible.

OFFICERS AND COMMITTEES

CUPID O. WRIGHT LAND, *Chief Propeller*

FRITZ ZEPPELIN CATES, *Honorable Right Wing*

F. LEE BEACHEY GENN, *Honorable Left Wing*

G. CURTIS WARFEL, *Keeper of Juice*

GRAHAM WHITE MORSE, *Guardian of Hangar*

Speed Committee

“Chugs” Draper

“Skeet” Myers

Feed Committee

L. James Cotton

Everett Placke

Route Committee

“Wib” Ball, Pilot

Race Committee

Charlie Curtis, Pilot

The Wireless Club



President—CLEM FERGUSON

Vice-President—FREDERICK CATES

The Wireless Club was organized in the fall of 1912 for the purpose of erecting a station at the Richmond High School, capable of communicating with other High Schools of the State and with the various stations in town.

The club is composed of about twenty boys, under the management of Professor Kelly. As the boys of the club are making most of the instruments, in odd hours, the work of getting the station in operation is rather slow. At the present time they have a set which is capable of sending and receiving messages from a short distance. During the flood, before communications could be established with Dayton, the *Palladium* asked the club to call the Dayton

Secretary and Treasurer—CHARLES CURTIS

Sergeant-at-Arms—RAYMOND JENKINS

station. After special apparatus had been installed the members tried for the greater part of one night to get the flooded city. The attempt was unsuccessful, although communication was established with cities farther away than Dayton.

The apparatus that we have on the receiving side consists of a three-slide tuning coil, fixed condenser, Ferron detector, and a pair of twenty-eight hundred ohm phones. We constructed the tuning coil and condenser. The aerial, which is one hundred feet high, consists of four stranded copper wires one hundred feet long. The club hopes to have the station completed by the close of this semester.

Musings

O



FTEN in our pensive moments
When alone with just our thought,
We traverse backward—step by step
And count the fights we've fought.
And then we weigh our entire life
With all its joy and pain;
We count our friendships lost and won
And live them o'er again.

And then Despair doth seek us out
To claim the dreary hours.
Then life becomes a weary lot
And withers all Hope's flowers.
'Tis then we think we've lived in vain,
That we've accomplished naught;
Gloom covers all we've ever won—
In vain our fights we've fought.

Then there comes in our dark Night
A soothing ray of Peace,
Which settles softly o'er each soul
And bids our wailing cease.
'Tis Thou—fair One of Peace and Hope,
Thou watchest over all,
Thou seest all our joys and pains,
Thou hearest every call.

Then may Thy bright beams ever cast
Their light, steadfast and strong,
Giving joy to each tired heart,
Changing tears to song.
'Tis Thou above who guides us,
Even in the losing fight,
Thy hand is ever toward us stretched
To guide our steps aright.

CORA GATES, '13.



In Memoriam



"Sunset and evening star,
And one clear call for me,
And may there be no moaning of the bar
When I put out to sea."

In Memoriam

MARGARET E. MOUNT

April 29, 1895—November 3, 1912.

“Leaves have their time to fall,
And flowers to wither at the north wind’s breath,
And stars to set,—but all,
Thou hast all seasons for thine own, O Death!”

We say that death is a mystery; but of life this is equally true. Life with its activity, death with its silence—alike are sadly strange and mysterious. Both are the decrees of God and He holds them in His hands. To some the thread of life is extended, to others is given the earlier crowning. The distance traveled is of minor consequence if the race be set in the right direction.

Margaret Mount was called away in the glow and glory of young womanhood while the rays of life’s rising sun rested upon her youthful face. Her life was radiant and full of promise of a career of service which was denied her here but which is now being carried on under fairer skies and with far greater possibilities.

She was a faithful student. We dare not think that the years she spent in study were in vain. In the economy of God nothing is lost, and her student life had the better prepared her for the greater tasks that awaited beyond.

Margaret possessed a charming personality,—beautiful in person and beautiful in spirit. A quiet modesty and sincerity of manner, combined with a kindly, sympathetic nature, won for her the admiration and high esteem of all who came within the circle of her acquaintance.

The loss of her companionship is sorely felt by her associates, but the beauty and nobility of her young life still abides and will be a blessed inspiration through all the days to come.

REV. ARTHUR CATES,
Pastor Grace M. E. Church.

In Memoriam

RUTH JOHANNING

May 16, 1896—January 13, 1913.

When those whom we have learned to love and esteem are taken from our midst, it is indeed befitting that we preserve their memory in some substantial form.

The memory of Ruth Johanning's sweet disposition and sunny nature will always be an uplifting influence to all who knew her. Ruth endeared herself to all with whom she became acquainted by her loving and affectionate spirit. The deep sorrow and grief manifested by her relatives and large circle of friends showed how greatly she was beloved. The writer knew her from her birth and she always exhibited a high Christian character. The same earnest, kind and faithful disposition that was manifested in her home life was exhibited in her school life. Her gentle and kindly spirit drew around her a large circle of friends. She was greatly beloved by her teachers for her uniform good conduct, her diligent application to her studies, and her winning disposition. Her loss is very deeply felt, but the grief for her untimely death is alleviated by remembering these words of the Master:

"What I do thou knowest not now, but thou shalt know hereafter."

REV. CONRAD HUBER,
Pastor St. Paul's Lutheran Church.

To 1912

BECAUSE we like them and miss them," is the reason given by the editors of the 1913 PIERIAN for this most thoughtful and generous representation of the class of 1912. Because I like you and miss you, 1912, I am honored to write briefly for you. An epitaph? You will always be coming back to R. H. S. very much alive. A history? No space to tell of your glories. A prophecy? You are already making your future. Perhaps an appreciation of your old school spirit, 1912.

The faculty do not make the school. Loyal and helpful as they are, they can not know the half of what goes on, can they? The pupils themselves are responsible; they are the heart of the school. And your heart, 1912, was and is full of energy, fun and loyalty. Fun? Herschel, Hilton, Ted Ryan, Ruth Haller? Senior spreads? You are smiling now, aren't you? As for energy, what about "Castor, Laning, Nick and Spots," and our much-damaged but never entirely smashed Scotty? How they played into the semi-finals for the State basketball championship! Debating, too—Fred Girty, Bertha Waltermann, Harry Woolley and Lester Turner! Dramatics? "Esmeralda," with its lovers so charming on the stage and so loverlike behind the scenes! My "Senior Memories" are bright with souvenirs of the Girls' Athletic Association, Mary Mather, a leader; with snap shots of my old friend, the Pedestrian Club, with Jessie Mendenhall the prize hiker; with Jim's cartoons of the orchestra in which so many of you blew yourselves to fame;

with the Dramatic Club's program for "Sunset, a Drama in one Spasm"; with the favor of the Junior-Senior frolic at the Lyric. Yes, we all had jolly times, and best of all, most of you put good workmanship into your days. Witness especially the honor roll: Wanda Johnson, Herbert Adams, Edward Laning, Jennie and Lila Stevenson and Laurence Peterson.

This year many of you are in college. Remember that you represent Richmond, and that your old teachers, wherever they may be, are sympathetic and watchful of your progress. Others of you have stayed home to help your families, which is right. What of those who started to Earlham and stopped after a few weeks? Aren't you ashamed? But all of you, whether away or at home,—and Richmond is large enough,—keep your eyes and your minds open, won't you? Develop interest in music, art, literature, science, government. We have started you, now go on and grow into broad-minded, helpful men and women. Every game needs rules and Christianity gives the best for the game of life, especially for the errors and injuries that come to all. Help your younger brothers and sisters to stand for the real R. H. S.; to frown on gossip, spooning, cheating, and lying for fraternities. So may we meet year after year, 1912, 1913, all of us, who love our school, meet with clear eyes and with helpful hearts, together in fun, in energy, and in loyalty to each other and to dear old Richmond High School.

EDITH TALLANT, '01.



THE CLASS OF 1912

Chapel Exercises

BEFORE beginning this brief discussion we wish to sincerely thank all those who have so kindly assisted us in interrupting the tedium of school life with a few minutes of entertainment.

We also wish to thank our principals for arranging such good programs. Never before have they contained so much variety and we thoroughly appreciate it.

Bearing in mind the fact that our schools are often criticized for the student's lack of knowledge concerning present-day occurrences, some speakers have chosen topics along these subjects. For instance, Superintendent Mott gave an interesting address on the Balkan war. We are always glad to have him with us and especially this year since it is to be his last.

One of the events looked forward to with much pleasure each year is the reading given by Ida Fay Smith. For this, her third year, she gave the "Merchant of Venice." It was thoroughly enjoyed, and the Seniors much regret that this will probably be the last time they will have a chance to hear her.

On two occasions Mrs. Krueger entertained us. She possesses an exquisite soprano voice and delighted us all with her singing. We are looking forward with much pleasure to another visit from her.

One morning Mrs. Patterson entertained us in a lively manner. She gave a reading from "Mark Twain" and also a very amusing

parody on "Young Lochinvar." She ended her program with "The Song That Reached My Heart."

On Lincoln's birthday, Mr. Fred White gave an interesting address. In it he expressed views on Lincoln with which most of us were unfamiliar and he gave us many useful thoughts on the subject.

With the new term came a new principal, but to us he was an old friend. At our first regular chapel of the semester he expressed his views on the subject of good school citizenship. We have been trying to live up to his standard.

Bitter pills are often given a sweet coating. President Hecker of Wittenberg College illustrated this fact by giving several truths about self-restraint which we dislike to hear, but he did it in such a charming manner that we thoroughly appreciated his most interesting talk.

Musical programs are always enjoyed, but it is an added treat when they are given by anyone so attractive and charming as Mrs. Igelman. She is the possessor of a beautiful soprano voice; she was accompanied by Miss Alice Knollenberg, an accomplished pianist.

Rev. Father Cronin, "our neighbor across the way," gave us an address on the foundation of character. His speaking was so effective that we wish he would come often and give us other helpful suggestions.



At another of our musical programs Mr. Fred Hicks and Miss Ruth Peltz entertained us. Mr. Hicks is an excellent violinist and gave several solos with piano accompaniment by Miss Peltz.

Our school has always considered itself closely affiliated with Earlham so we are always pleased to have a speaker from that college. President Kelly gave a very interesting address on vocational training. At this time the music was furnished by Hubert Smith, celloist, accompanied by Miss Mildred Schalk.

At the present time everyone is more or less interested in the Panama Canal. Therefore, we were much pleased when Paul Comstock gave a talk on the progress of its construction. Mr. Comstock's talk was illustrated by maps and stereopticon slides.

One morning our high school chorus and orchestra, under the direction of Mr. Sloane, entertained us. We are very proud of both of these organizations and always have visitors to enjoy their programs with us.

Professor Russell of Earlham gave a very interesting talk on the "Unseen Foundations of Life." Professor Russell is one of the best speakers in the State and to have him with us was indeed a treat.

We are always glad to have our school talent represented on our chapel programs. Therefore, it was with pleasure that we had an opportunity to hear Howard Messick recite "The Revenge." The musical part of the program was furnished by Mrs. Fred Bartel and Miss Alice Knollenberg. The beautiful selections that they gave were enjoyed by everyone.

Mr. Thompson gave the chapel exercises over to the Seniors one morning and they prepared a very amusing program. Harold Myers, who took Mr. Thompson's place on the platform, supervised the program. The orchestra, composed of Seniors, was directed

by Philip Gates. Nola Russell read the Scripture lesson, after which Robert Taylor sang two solos. Marjorie Wiltrot gave a reading which proved very amusing and called forth much laughter. Wesley Howard, our most talented violinist, played two solos. The class was certainly proud of the talent it was able to display. The program ended with a "fake" faculty meeting which occasioned much laughter among the students.

Our speakers on "Art" have done much toward cultivating a taste for it among the student body. Mrs. James Judson gave us an interesting discussion on how to look at a picture. It was instructive and helped us to see new things in the pictures of our Art gallery.

Each year the Dramatic Society gives a play in Chapel. This has become an event looked forward to with pleasant expectation. This year the play was called "A Paper Match." The cast was composed of Lois Kelly, Mary Canby, Frank Bescher, and Lawrence Jessup. The play was given in an excellent manner and was appreciated by everybody.

On one morning, toward the end of the semester, Dr. Charles S. Bond spoke on "What We Inherit." His talk was very helpful.

At the last chapel Mr. Thompson presented the "R's" to those deserving that honor.

The Night School has had its chapel exercises also. On February 11 Superintendent Mott gave a talk on Lincoln. It was greatly enjoyed, for to many of the night students Mr. Mott came as an old friend.

One night Mr. Ray Robinson, vice-president of the Robinson Machine Works, spoke on "How to Seek Employment." His talk was very helpful and was much appreciated.



OUR CHAPEL ENTERTAINERS



1913 FESTIVAL



Comparisons are odious; but the all-star aggregation that met "At the Junction" and after heart-rending difficulties with pie and doughnuts and pie and catsup and pie and pop, and a most avaricious agent of various proclivities including "Notary Public and Justice of the Peace of this yere county," and were happily married after all, came nearer "putting it across" than any Fall Festival "bunch" that has held down the boards at the Big Show since Fall Festivals began. Four performances were given and each time somebody laughed at the right time. Think of it! Just the names of the characters would start the smile muscles to twitching. Look at 'em!

Jack Sharp	HOWARD MESSICK
Percy Keen	DONALD WARFEL
Jatham Spotts	LAWRENCE JESSUP
Fannie Quick	MARGUERITE DAVIS
Clara Cute	CORNELIA SHAW

The "Big Four Minstrel Company," another feature of the Festival, captured its audience at each performance. The winning smiles of the end men, Wickemeyer and Porter, and the comedy of the premier end men Barlow and Meyers, together with the novelty singing and talking of Taylor, Wiltrot, Becker and Gates, were well worth Keith time. Many of the latest song hits were sung and, with all due respect to the soloists, it has been said that the words were gotten but that you had to go outside for the air.

In some of the Festivals shows, you paid your money and took your choice; on the Midway, you paid your money and took the consequences. The only thing you were sure of was that you weren't getting what you thought you would get. One of the Midway's biggest hits was the gypsy camp. Here one's lungs were tested, height and weight were taken by means of various modern appliances belonging to the gym, and fortunes were told. Other fea-



tures were the shooting gallery, wild animal show, moving pictures, freak show, and chamber of horrors.

Perhaps the most novel event of the evening was the Abe Martin Wedding. The ceremony, composed of a mixture from the Methodist discipline and Abe Martin's Book, was performed in a most realistic manner by the Rev. Wray Draper. The bride, Ruby Neff, attired in an exquisite Paris creation of cheesecloth and lace curtains, was wonderful to behold. She was given away by her father, to the rather abbreviated but anxious groom, Ray Dalbey. The costumes of various members of the family attending the ceremony added to the completeness of the affair.

In the library, the sympathizers of the Equal Suffrage movement found an earnest and enthusiastic meeting of one of the most militant branches of the great body of oppressed womanhood. This

meeting had for its officers the charming Mrs. Frank Henry Van Dyke Doolittle Jones as president, and her ever-serviceable husband as secretary. The former, with her great zeal for the cause so close to her heart, represented and embodied, as she helped to inspire, the very hopeful and determined spirit of the assembly. The little band was fortunate in being addressed by some of the most famous and experienced of their co-workers. Mrs. Emmeline Pankhurst, of London, in the midst of an impassioned appeal, fainted into the arms of her sisters, thus demonstrating the cruelty of her recent long imprisonment. Miss Genevieve Winsett, leader of the Bloomer Cavalry, and Mrs. Hiram Johnson, a real stateswoman of the emancipated commonwealth of Colorado, gave inspiring addresses. But the climax of the evening was reached when her friends were delightfully surprised by the entrance of Miss Rosalie Jones, the resolute and spirited leader of the "Hikers." She told with such animation of her defense from the various brutes who had tried



to interfere with her purposes, that even her cruel arrest by two gigantic policemen, while it did break up the meeting, could not dampen the ardor of her many admirers, nor spoil their memory of an inspiring occasion. The "Suffragettes" wish to take this opportunity of acknowledging their indebtedness and gratitude to the members of the "Dutch Band" who furnished music for the parade that preceded the meeting.

The telegraph and police departments did rushing business throughout the evening. About two hundred arrests were made; and fines were collected, according to the nature of the charge. These charges varied all the way from eating candy, to talking too long at a time to a friend. These two departments with the department on sales, aided much toward making the whole affair the success, financially and otherwise, that it was.





You don't have to go to an insane asylum to see queer things.

Smiles

Mr. Kelly said in physiology that a human has thirty-two teeth. After some time had passed in which Bob Jackson had counted his teeth he raised his hand and said, "Why, Mr. Kelly, what's the matter, I have only thirty teeth?"

Mr. Kelly spoke up and said, "Why, Robert, the only reason I can give is that you are not quite human."

Cornelia S.—"Where did you have your picture taken?"
Alta Mc.—"At the Parsons."

Freshman (translating Latin)—"*Haec in Gallia est importantus*"—I like into Gaul, it's important.

Visitor (amiably)—"What is the height of your ambition?"
Junior—"Oh, she comes about to my shoulder!"

Junior—"What has happened lately that I can tell about in an oral composition?"

Unsophisticated Freshman—"Oh, tell about the flood."
Junior—"Well, that would be a current event all right."

Julian—"On what theorem are you working in geometry?"
Justin—"We're not that far yet; we're just on propositions.

Bill W. (to Hazel M.)—"Of all the beautiful names there are in the Bible, and just to think they named you after a nut."

Hazel (in her usual drawling manner)—"I'd much rather be named after a nut, than to be one."

Mr. Thompson was overheard in the office singing, "My Bertha, where art thou?"

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A crowd of Seniors went to the Murrette one evening after a Senior spread. A sign in the box office read, All children except babies in arms must pay admission. Phil G. (to Emerald K.)—"Come on, Emerald, here's where the crowd saves a nickel."

(Blanche Compton doesn't catch the drift to this last one.)

Miss Smelser—"John, give the verb for 'I present'."
John (sullenly)—"Don't know" (*dono*).

Miss Smelser—"Good! That's the first time you've had your lesson this week."

Found in a Domestic Science note-book: "Cottage cheese is made with skinned milk."

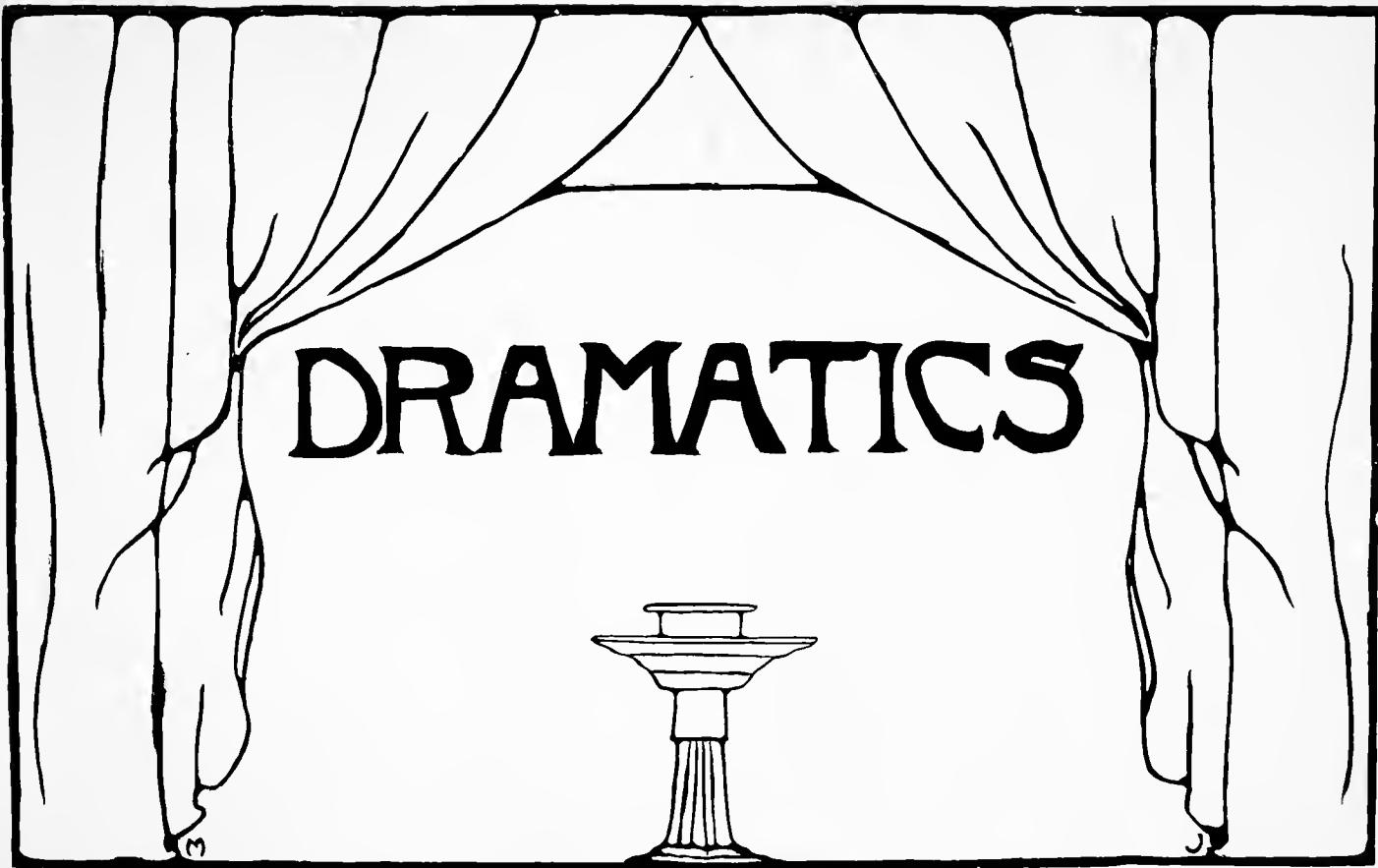
Aubrey is worrying himself sick because he will never be able to get a drink, for he will always be a Minor.

Miss Finfrock—"Orion, what is the difference between the 'Merchant of Venice' and a dime novel?"

Orion Rose—"Fifteen cents."

He kissed her on the cheeks,
It seemed a harmless frolic;
Now he's been sick a week,
They say it's painter's colic.—*Exchange*.

The farmer may talk of the bluebird,
Of this the poet may sing,
But a tack upright
On the floor at night
Is the cause of an early spring.—*Exchange*.



DRAMATICS

General Dramatics

"All the world's a stage, and all the men and women merely players"

SINCE the publication of the 1911 PIERIAN only a few plays have been presented in our school. But those which have been given have been of such a high order that we could fill volumes in telling of their merit; but lack of space prevents such a flow of word-eloquence.

First and best of the plays which have been given, comes the 1912 class play, "Esmeralda." Mrs. Helen Johnson-Bailey-Karns was the coach, and to her is due much of the credit for the excellent work of the cast. The story concerns a young American girl, who has a society-loving mother, and a plain, old-fashioned father. The family becomes suddenly wealthy, and the mother carries the husband and daughter off to Paris, away from the girl's birthplace and her youthful lover, Dave Hardy. Once in the gay city of France, the mother immediately tries to marry her daughter to a French nobleman, and thereby gain a title for her family tree. But she is finally outwitted by some of the young girl's friends, and the Marquis is proven to be an impostor. Esmeralda and her parents return to America, and young Hardy and his sweetheart are joyfully united, to "live happily ever afterward."

Herschel Trueblood, as Mr. Rogers, showed himself to be the possessor of considerable histrionic ability, giving his interpretation of an old man—something, by the way, which is difficult to do—in a finished and entertaining manner. Myra Scott, as Esmeralda, was

a sweet and girlish little actress, and Fred Girty, as Dave Hardy, made a most ardent and devoted lover. The rest of the parts were well taken, and the whole affair was given in a creditable manner. It is not believed that it would be overstating the matter, if it were said that "Esmeralda" was the best thing of its kind ever given by the members of the Richmond High School. The cast for the play was as follows:

Mr. Rogers, a North Carolina farmer.....	HERSCHEL TRUEBLOOD
Mrs. Lyda Ann Rogers, his wife.....	ALICE VOGELSONG
Esmeralda, his daughter	MYRA SCOTT
Dave Hardy, a young North Carolinian.....	FRED GIRTY
Mr. Estabrook, a man of leisure.....	EDWARD RYAN
Mr. Jack Desmond, an American artist in Paris..	WESTCOTT HANES
Nora Desmond, his sister.....	ESTHER GARD
Kate Desmond, his sister	WANDA JOHNSON
Marquis de Montessin, a French adventurer.....	HILTON LONG
George Drew, an American speculator.....	HILTON LONG
Sophie, a maid	BLANCHE COMPTON

Our next venture into theatricals was the "Big Show" of the 1913 Festival. The playlet given, "At the Junction," is commented on in the article entitled "The 1913 Festival."

We come to High School for an education. We leave with a pose.

Once a year the Dramatic Society entertains us in chapel with a playlet. These events are always looked forward to with considerable expectation, and their presentation is hailed with pleasure. "A Paper Match" was the title of the play for this year. It concerns a young lady, Rose, who is in love, or at least thinks she is, with a man whom she has never seen. Through a coincidence a correspondence has arisen between them, and Rose is quite infatuated with his lovely letters. To Sam Hunt, her loving but unappreciative sweetheart, she turns a cold heart, to the disgust and displeasure of her Aunt Sophrony. At last the day comes when she is to see her heretofore unseen "knight of the letters." But, alas, for her feelings, he turns out to be an old, uneducated fellow, and incidentally an old lover of Aunt Sophrony's, who had deserted her. The Aunt takes him to the minister's immediately, so as to prevent his escaping again. Rose and Sam "make up," and the girl realizes that there is really only one man in the world for her.

Because of the difficulties under which these plays are given, there are usually many hitches, but this one went through without a single noticeable mistake. The presentation was made with considerable theater eclat, and is deserving of commendation. The cast is as follows:

Aunt Sophrony, a maiden lady.....	LOIS KELLY
Rose, her niece	MARY CANBY
Sam Hunt, in love with Rose.....	FRANK BESCHER
Hezikiah Jehoshophat Brown, a soldier..	LAWRENCE JESSUP

It remains for the class of 1913 to show what they can do in a dramatic way. The play which they expect to present this year

goes under the title of "A Pair of Spectacles." The argument is as follows: Benjamin Goldfinch is a generous, kind old man, who loves everyone, and is loved by everyone. One day his brother Gregory comes to visit him, and the trouble begins. Gregory is a miserly old fellow, selfish and unsympathetic. Goldfinch wears spectacles of gold, while Gregory wears steel ones. Goldfinch breaks his gold-rimmed spectacles, and Gregory persuades his brother to use his steel-rimmed ones. As if by magic, the good old man's disposition changes, and he becomes crabbed and cynical. The situation is gradually worked out in the course of the play, and Goldfinch regains his original good humor. Even Gregory is convinced that he has the wrong idea of life, and his gruff manner is changed. There is a pretty love affair running through the plot, which adds the necessary interest.

The cast for the play is as follows:

Benjamin Goldfinch	DONALD WARFEL
Uncle Gregory, his brother	HAROLD MEYERS
Dick, his nephew	WRAY DRAPER
Lorimer, his friend	PHILIP GATES
Bartholomew, his shoemaker	ROSCOE CANDLER
Joyce, his butler	MARC SHOFER
Another shoemaker	WINFIELD URBAN
Mrs. Goldfinch, his wife.....	CORNELIA SHAW
Lucy Lorimer, Lorimer's daughter.	MARGARET WICKEMEYER
Charlotte, a parlor maid.....	NOLA RUSSELL

The play promises to come up to the standard set by the class plays of recent years. Miss Elizabeth Comstock has been secured as coach, and as she has had considerable experience in this line, great things can be expected of the 1913 class play.

The Dramatic Society

DONALD WARFEL, *President*

LOIS KELLY, *Vice-President*

ALTA MCPHERSON, *Secretary*

MAURINE CONVERSE, *Treasurer*

Gladys Barnard
Frederick Cates
Charles Curtis
Marguerite Davis
Emily Fletcher
Cora Gates
Irene Gorman
Florence Kampe
Frank Bescher
Lawrence Jessup
Mary Canby

Horatio Land
Kent Morse
Howard Messick
Aubrey Minor
Dorothy Rodefeld
Leta Roland
Grace Shera
Cornelia Shaw
Katherine Broderick
Ethyl Williams
Marc Shofer

Alfred Sudhoff
Marjorie Wiltrot
Corinne Wilson
Philip Gates
Selden Phillips
Miss Finfrock
Mr. Kelly
Miss Smelser
Miss Kraft
Mr. Arnold
Mr. Sloane

Honorary Member

Mrs. Helen Johnson-Bailey-Karns

The Dramatic Society has had one of the most successful years in its history; both from the standpoint of work done and the number of members enrolled. The society has thirty-two members and a waiting list of about fifteen. The plays read by the society were of the best quality and were chosen by Mr. Kelly. The best of those read were, "The Private Secretary," "A Pair of Spectacles," and "King Rene's Daughter."

The visitors of our society wonder at our plump appearance, but this is soon explained when we tell them of our spreads held once a month. The largest attendance of the society is naturally at these spreads, but our regular meetings also are usually well attended.



THE DRAMATIC SOCIETY

An Exchange

IT WAS Friday afternoon, when Jane stopped Catherine as she came out of "Twenty" on her way to her locker, and asked her if she had a date for the Field-meet which was to be held the following day.

"Yes, indeed! I've had it for a week," said Catherine.

"That's nothing, I have had one since a week ago Wednesday. Whom are you going with?"

"Keith Belmont."

"Oh, I'm so sorry, for I thought perhaps you would be going with some one that would be a good friend of Richard, but I'm sure Keith is not, for he is so stingy. He never spends a cent on a girl."

"I never mind that, for he is very entertaining and courteous, and that's more than you can boast of Richard Trent."

* * * * *

On Saturday, the crowd at the entrance to the field was so great that everyone, at some time or other bumped into his neighbor. In the jostle someone bumped into Richard, at which he turned, and, seeing Keith and Catherine, cried, "Well, if this isn't luck! I was

just wishing you were here so that we would have company and so that some one would be able to use the other two tickets father gave me. Come, let this be my treat. The seats are splendid; they are in the front row of the grandstand." In his excitement, he forgot all about Jane who was being sadly abused by the crowd. Keith rescued her, for which she was very thankful, and she found him quite comforting; consequently her opinion rose and kept rising all the time. Catherine discovered that Richard had good qualities as well as bad and the four had a glorious time while waiting to enter the field.

When the gates were finally opened, Richard reached in his pocket for the tickets, and, being unable to find them commenced a frantic search of all his pockets; but it was all in vain. Tickets and money had been left in his other clothes. He only had a quarter—just half enough to buy one ticket. "What was he to do?" he asked himself over and over again. There was only one thing to do—that was to tell Keith his distress and have him buy them. He did. Keith, with a very glum countenance, marched dejectedly toward the ticket office.

MARY CANBY, '14.



To Mr. Torrence

Here's to one who's e'er helping our own R. H. S.
Already he's gotten four year-books to press;
He, thoughtful and patient, is our business man,
For all money matters he always does plan.
He's fair and he's kindly and eager to work;
From business for High School, he never does shirk.
He always is ready for sport and for fun,
And we, whose race here is nearly all run,
Look backward with pleasure o'er each day so fair,
When with quip and with jest he'd free us from care.
To him, who so often when we were sore tried,
Has, moved by real sympathy, oft been our guide.—
To him we pledge friendship ever loyal and true,
We'll never forget him, though we meet friends new.
And should he go to other ports, may his staunch heart ne'er fail;
And may he have a fair, fair voyage wherever he does sail.

Jokes

THE HONOR SYSTEM

Mr. Arnold—"Students, instead of the ordinary recitations this morning, I will substitute a written examination. I am a great believer in the honor system, so I will not exercise any supervision over you. However, for convenience, I will have you sit two seats apart. Although I have implicit confidence in your honor, I will divide the class into two divisions and give each alternate row a different question. You will please bring your note-books to my desk and leave them there, lest they get in your way and interfere with your writing. While the examination goes on I will stroll around the room, not for the purpose of supervision but simply to benefit my liver. The examination will now begin."

Hilda K. (speaking of pets)—"I don't think a 'Lyon' would be 'Gentle' enough for me."

They were studying sound waves in physics. Mr. Kelly needed a violin bow to perform a certain experiment, so he asked:

"Miss Wiltroot, have you a bow?"

"Er—it depends upon what kind you mean."

NEW BOOKS IN THE CIRCULATING LIBRARY

"His Majesty, Myself"—Howard Messick.

"Wide Awake"—Donald Warfel (in chapel).

"My Wife and I"—Charles Curtis and ——.

"Reveries of a Bachelor"—Herbert Bradley.

"The Future of the Stage"—Benton Barlow.

"The Loves of 'Wib' and Martha"—Author unknown.

"The Day of Vengeance"—When the Annual Comes Out.

Martha Smith—"I heard the *grandest compliment* on you today, Marj."

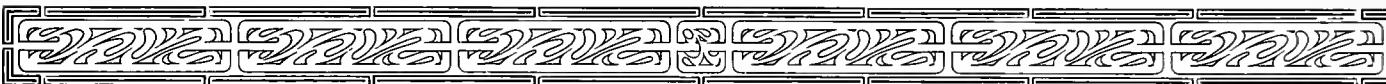
Marjorie Mayhew—"Oh! what is it?"

M. S.—"I had my hair combed like yours and someone told me that I looked just like you."

"What's all that noise?"

"Oh, that's Ed Hollarn."

"Seolly" Haner (in history class)—"Navigation is a form of cultivating the land."



Friendship

HLL through the long summer day the hot sun had burned on the city streets and the tardy darkness of evening brought little relief.

Down at Police Headquarters, the men on duty were stifling. The night was too hot even for the reporters on watch, so, after a few half-hearted attempts at poker, each man wandered off by himself, trying to find a cool spot and earnestly praying for something to happen that would relieve the deadly monotony.

Finally, more to be doing something than for any other purpose, one of the newsmen suggested a visit to the office of Chief Ryan, of the Detective Bureau. The proposal was accepted in the same spirit as put, so up the stairs they went.

The gray-haired old chief looked up from his desk as the reporters entered. "Hello, boys," he said, "sit down and have a smoke." And shoving out a box of cigars, he nodded towards a row of chairs.

With one of Ryan's excellent cigars in his mouth and his chair located favorably, as regards the light breeze which wandered in through the open windows, each reporter soon forgot his woes and began to manifest an interest in this life and its possibilities.

A conversation sprang up which, after touching upon many subjects, finally strayed, as it always does in a crowd of newspaper men, to talk of the craft. They were discussing the latest story which

had "broken" in police circles. A man, high in public life, had made a crooked move and had been betrayed by one whom he had always loved and respected as his nearest and dearest friend.

"I can't say that I blame Barton much for 'peaching' on Smith," drawled little McCoy, of the *News-Tribune*, who was very young, therefore very cynical. "He probably figured that unless he beat him to it, Smith would get him in the same way at the first opportunity."

Here one of the other reporters mumbled something about its being "a funny way for a friend to do."

"Aw Shucks! That friendship game!" said McCoy. "I haven't much faith in it. From what I have seen, anyone who sees in it something that will benefit himself, will be your friend, but as soon as you can be of no further use to him, to aid him in attaining his own ends, he drops you only too quick. I'll leave it to the Chief, here, if I am not right."

The old detective slowly raised his head in answer to the implied question. "Well, Son, I don't know. Sometimes I think as you do about it, and then sometimes I don't. I guess, in our business both of us see so much of that which is sordid and sad in life that we forget about the other side. I'll admit though, that at times it does seem to me as though self is the only thought in the minds of the people of this world. But now and again, the recollection of

an incident that happened in my own youth comes back to me, and I just have to change my mind.

"I'll tell you the story if you want to hear it. It isn't long."

The reporter having signified his desire for the story, the old man relighted his cigar, and, after musing silently for a few moments over an ancient daguerreotype which stood on his desk, proceeded with the tale.

"This all happened years ago, when I was a young fellow, in the army. At the outbreak of the Civil War, I enlisted and served until Gettysburg. There, one of Pickett's men mussed me up some with a bayonet, and with the time I spent in the hospital and at home on furlough, recovering from the wound and fever, I saw no more of the Civil War.

"But I liked the army life; so after I was fully recovered, I enlisted in the regulars, in a cavalry outfit.

"Soon after I joined the regiment, we were ordered down into the southwest—what is now Arizona, New Mexico and Texas—for service against the Indians.

"Son, I could sit here all night and tell you stories of those times that we had with the Apaches and the Mexican cattle-thieves, but I won't. My story concerns only two men of the troop I was in.

"Son, you've read about those two fellows of ancient times,—Damon and Pythias, haven't you? I saw the play once myself. Well, the affection between Damon and Pythias was nothing to the love that those two men of my troop felt towards each other. I never have seen anything like it since.

"They were hardly more than boys, neither of them over twenty years of age. They had enlisted from the same town during the Civil War, and having bunked together all of the time and being just kids, you might say, in a troop of old-timers, I guess it was natural that they should stick close together, which they sure did.

"The other men of the troop used to call them 'Powder and Ball,' 'because,' they said, 'one wasn't any good without the other.' No one ever bothered them much, in the troop though, for if a man

got into a fight with Bob, he had to whip Tom too, or take a fancy trimming himself.

"When the captain went to make Bob a corporal, he had to 'make' Tom as well, for Bob wouldn't have the stripes until Tom got his too. So you see just how they felt.

"Well, this went on for a year or so, all of us in the meantime improving each shining hour with the festive Apache.

"Finally, one day, as they were out scouting together, Bob and Tom were captured by the Indians. I never could understand how it happened. I guess they must have just relaxed their usual vigilance for a minute or so, but anyway, they were caught.

"The Apaches, Chihuahuas (pronounced 'She-wha-whas') they were, took the prisoners back in the hills a few miles to their camp.

"After tying them up tight, they held a big pow-wow over them to decide what was to be done. There were three of the Indians who wanted to take them back thirty or forty miles farther into the hills where the main chief of the tribe had his headquarters, thus making themselves solid with the big chief by bringing in two prisoners.

"But the other three of the band couldn't see things that way. It seemed that they were under orders to ride up in the northern part of the country, on an errand for the chief, and that this business would keep them away from the main camp until after the prisoners had been put to death—by slow torture, of course. So they put up an emphatic 'no' to the main-camp proposition and insisted that the prisoners be put to death that night as they had to leave the first thing in the morning.

"In the meantime, Bob and Tom were lying there by the fire. Bob heard the confab, and, as he understood 'Pache fairly well, he made out their plans.

"Should they decide to take the captives back to the main camp, Bob wouldn't worry much, for he knew something that the Indians didn't—that about six hours behind them and following their trail, was the rest of his troop, and if they decided not to kill the prisoners

until they reached the main camp, the soldiers would have time to discover what had happened, by the tracks in the sand, and come to their rescue.

"But the squabble went on among the Indians. Both sides were arguing mighty hotly and it began to look like a quarrel, when one of the braves suggested a compromise:

"'Let one of the men be tortured tonight,' he said; 'then, in the morning we can take the other back into the hills, while my brothers go their way.' This suggestion was immediately approved by both sides and things began to look black for one of the captives.

"Then the question came up as to which one was to be killed that night. At this time, Bob chipped in in Apache and asked that he be the one to die. Tom didn't know much of the lingo, but he managed to make out what Bob was asking, and he objected mighty strenuously.

"But the Apaches had made different arrangements, as time proved. One went over to Bob's saddle and took from the back of it, the little sack of corn which Bob carried as horse feed—it's in the desert you know, son, and they have to carry horse feed as well as grub for themselves.

"Well, the Apache shelled about a handful of corn from a white ear and threw it into a nose bag which he took off of the saddle too. Then he threw in a handful of red corn which he had, and gave the bag a couple of shakes. Then he walked over to where the prisoners were lying and explained the plan.

"You see, being inveterate gamblers—all Indians are, son, it's born in 'em worse than in Mexicans—these fellows were not going to miss a chance to see a man gamble with his own life as the stake. So they put it up to Bob and Tom that they were each to take a draw from the bag and the first man to draw a red grain, was the man to die that night.

Now, Son, you had better believe that Tom and Bod did a lot of hard thinking about that time as they lay there by the campfire, looking up at the big stars which flared in the Arizona sky, while a

coyote, off on a hill, howled and wailed like a lost soul in torment. Never heard a coyote, did you, Son? Well,—next to a maniac's laugh, I guess it is the most shivery and uncanny sound there is.

"'Listen, Tom,' said Bob, as their wrists were being untied for the draw, 'I am going to try and draw first if they will let me. But if I can't, I want you to do this much for me—do you know how to tell a red grain of corn from a white one? No, I thought not. Well, now listen! One of us will have to hit the long trail tonight—that's certain. But Tom, you've folks at home who'll miss you. Now me,—I have neither chick nor child in the whole world. It isn't fair that you die and I get to live. Your folks need you, Tom, while there's no one in the world except you, to care whether I die or not. Now, I want you to do as I say in this drawing. A grain of white corn has a big dent in the larger end, while a red one is perfectly round. I want you to find a white grain and then you will be safe, for the boys will be here sure by tomorrow morning. Take a white grain, Tom, and go back to your folks.'

"Bob could not say more, for an Indian holding the fatal bag, stepped over to them. Bob attempted to draw first, but the Indian shoved him back. He tried again, but was again shoved back, this time to be held forcibly by the other savages.

"Tom stood in a daze as the Indian offered him the bag. With Bob's 'Remember, Tom—the grain with the dent' ringing in his ears, he thrust in his hand. As his fingers touched the corn, his brain cleared with a snap. He knew in an instant what he was to do. So, instead of searching for a white grain, he felt for the grain that would give him his friend's liberty—the grain without the dent—the red grain.

"No, Son, it didn't seem such a sacrifice to Tom at the time. In those days, human life was just about the cheapest thing there was down in that country.

"And, Son, you know too, that when you've slept under the same blanket with a man for years; eaten of the same grub, and shared it when grub was short; and gone through 'Hell or High

Water' with him generally, as the saying has it, you learn a love for that man that you can never feel for any woman.

"So it was with Tom. It seemed but a little thing to him to do—give his life that Bob might keep his—for had not Bob cheerfully risked his own life more than once for his partner's sake—that day of the buffalo hunt, when the herd stampeded, or that night of the fight in Sante Fe?

"So Tom drew his hand out of the bag. As he looked at it, the whole world seemed to stand still—the grain in his hand was white.

"Scarcely did he hear his partner's joyous laugh across the fire, as Bob drew the fatal red grain, or hear him saying, 'Tom, you old wolf, did you think that I couldn't read what was in your mind after having known you as long as I have? I knew you would do it for me, Tom, so I fooled you. It is better for me to go than for you. Now, Tom—so-long,' and with a short hand clasp he turned away."—

The old chief's head was bowed. For a long time he mused over the picture in his hand. The reporters said nothing, merely waiting.

At length, he continued with the story. "Oh, yes, Son, they killed him—tortured him to death, the devils. And they made Tom stand there and watch him die.

"I won't say how they did it, but, Son, when human beings—at least they are said to be such—can stake another of their kind out, and build a slow fire on his body—well, Bob's was worse than that.

"Yes, Tom got away all right. The rest of the troopers came about daylight. Bob had been dead three hours. They surprised the camp, took every Indian without firing a shot,—but they didn't take any prisoners back to the fort with them.

"Now, Son, that's all there is to my story of how Bob Forbes gave his life for that of his partner's, except—well—this is his picture—Bob's you know. He gave it to me about a month before he died."

And the old man handed over the daguerreotype. It was only a faded picture of a young man in the cavalry uniform of the '60's, but on the back of it was pasted a little piece of paper, yellowed and stained with age, upon which was scrawled "From Bob to Tom, December 25, 1869. He's my Pard."

WILLARD ALLEN REDDISH, '14.



Moral!

A blade of grass in the pasture grew,
Who often boasted of what he knew;
"I know just when in the Spring to grow
And when in the Fall to die;
In fact, there's nothing I do not know,—
Oh, full of knowledge am I!"
A cow came browsing along that day;
She cropped the blade as she passed on her way.

A boy in a study room idly sat,
Dreaming of bases, a ball and a bat:
"I'll bluff through my Latin next hour," he thought;
"I'll study ahead in class,
I'll get through that lesson and never be caught
'Cause I'm terribly bright." But alas!
The teacher was wise; she suspected this lad—
"Please stay the eighth hour, this lesson was bad."

CORNELIA.



Rubber-Soled Shoes

Louise paused at the door of the locker room and considered. She already had two taken off her interest for trying to leave the building during the eighth hour, and this month she knew she would need all the "interest" she could get.

"To go or not to go; that is the question. Whether 'twere better to brave the dangers of the halls without a ticket or to wait half an hour in such a lonely and desolated spot as a locker room—."

Miss Bishop stepped into the hall and Louise retired.

A few minutes later she cautiously advanced, and, as the coast was clear, darted into the hall and around the corner. On the way down the stairs she stopped again. Miss Nolte and Miss Francisco

were talking in the lower hall. Perhaps, however, with her rubber-soled shoes, she could manage to pass the landing without being heard or seen. She almost held her breath while she ran lightly down the stairs. Safe!

But as she turned the corner, she collided with Mr. Helman, who had not heard her coming. That amiable member of the faculty was so surprised, that he forgot to see who it was until Louise had reached the next turning.

"I'm going to have rubber soles put on all my shoes," she said to herself.

HILDA KIRKMAN.

Merely Cases

IN ALL the high schools of the State,
I've seen some pretty faces;
But of all those I've been in of late,
Our's has them "beat" on cases.
Now, there's Marjorie Mayhew and Robert Hieger,
If they haven't a case, just ask any teacher;
And Howard Messick and Mary Canby.—
Howard thinks Mary's just a dandy;
There's Russell Noss and Leona Druly,
That's a case,—I'm telling you truly;
There's Harry Woolley, that love-sick swain,
And Mary St. Johns, his much loved "Jane."
Then there's "Peggy" Marvel, and Curtis so bold,
More romantic than tales of lovers of old.
There's "Knodey" and Mary, and Miller and "Si";
And "Jus" and Dorothy—let's pass them by;
But one of the cases they're trying to hush,—
Mr. Helman says "Phil" has a case on Miss Rush.
Then there's young Mabel Logan, and Warren Beck.—
To think of them all, would my poor mind wreck.
Now take this advice from a Senior who knows,
When you are in High School, don't have any beaus;
For if you do, you'll have worry and din.—
To keep out of trouble, do not begin.

PHILIP GATES, '13.

BACKWARD CASES









On the Wings of Music

HERSA was a little French girl, twelve years old. She lived in a beautiful, richly furnished house, surrounded by large gardens. Several tutors and governesses were always there to accompany her on walks or drives. She possessed extraordinary beauty,—golden curls and dark blue eyes,—and had all the lovely dresses and jewels she desired. Yet with all this she was not happy. For what are palatial houses, beautiful gardens, pretty dresses, jewels, tutors, walks, drives, when one can not see? Thersa had been born blind. She had never cared to romp and be amused like other children, but would sit by the hour, dreaming odd dreams and thinking strange, beautiful thoughts. She could not remember her mother, who had died when she was a baby, and she had never learned to know or love her father, a care-free man who lived only for his clubs and for society. The only person in the world she loved and loved dearly was her father's sister, a wonderful musician, who lived with Thersa and her father at their home. This woman, Thersa's Aunt Lucile, was as different from her brother as Thersa was from other children. She seemed entirely engrossed in music, to the exclusion of all other interests.

Thersa would stay with her by the hour, listening while she played on the Italian harp and told stories explaining the music. Although Thersa had become familiar with the form and size of things through touch, nothing made the world seem so real to her as music. As she listened, shadowy figures and scenes would appear before her and change with the mood of melodies.

As Thersa grew older she grew more beautiful, but paler and weaker. She cared for nothing outside of her music; not even her walks and drives and the visitors at her father's house held any interest for her.

Especially did she shrink from a certain Mademoiselle D'Estelle who visited quite often with her Aunt Lucile. She thought this woman too flippant, too superficial, too worldly.

One night as she lay half asleep on her bed, she was awakened by the sound of music coming from the garden. When she went to the window to listen, a soft, weird, enticing melody came to her ears, a melody which seemed to invite her to follow it. Putting on a light robe, she made her way down stairs and into the garden, where she glided down the familiar path toward the sound of the music. Suddenly she stopped as she heard two voices in conversation and caught her name. The voices were those of her father and Mademoiselle D'Estelle.

"Yes," said the feminine voice, "I love you and will marry you, but I will not live in the same house with that blind child. She positively gives me an uncanny feeling when she stares at me with those wide, sightless eyes. It makes me shiver all over to think of it."

"But, Charlotte, this is her home. We can not turn her out. What can we do?"

"Why not send her to a convent? It is quiet there and she will be happy. The change will do her good."

Thersa's father did not reply immediately; he was evidently weighing his answer. Thersa drew in her breath with a stifled, almost inaudible gasp. What would her father say? In tense anxiety she waited. Hark! He was speaking.

"I—believe," he said slowly, oh! would the words never come, "you are right. The change will do her good. She may not like it at first, but it is for her own good, and after a year or two she will become accustomed to it."

"A convent,—a year or two," Thersa said under her breath. "Oh, I can't stand it to be away from the only person I love,—to be away from her music. Oh! I would rather die!"

Trembling, she felt her way back through the garden to the house, up the stairs to her room, where she threw herself down on the window-seat, sobbing.

"Why do I live, anyway? Father does not want me, no one wants me but Aunt Lucile and she cares more for her music. Oh, why did my mother not live? She would have loved me."

Presently the sobbing ceased as the sweet strains from the harp came clearly through the night. It was Wagner's "Evening Star." Clearer than ever before, as she listened, the pictures of the scene from Lohengrin came before her. She saw plainly Wolfram and Elizabeth on the mountain side and imagined Wolfram singing to the stars with whom he knew Elizabeth would soon abide. In her imagination she went farther than the story and saw Elizabeth rise from the earth and disappear from the blue. Then, as she looked she herself seemed to float into the garden and be carried upward by the strains of music. Nearer and nearer the star came until it

seemed to surround her in a flood of brilliant light. Softer grew the music of the harp, almost died away,—then melted into another strain, MacDowell's "To a Wild Rose." Gradually the brilliant light around Thersa softened into a hazy twilight as she found herself in a garden of millions of roses. In the center of the garden was a single half-blown rose, more beautiful than all the others. It swayed and bobbed with the music and as the melody was repeated began to unfold and grow larger. Thersa gazed in enthralled wonder.

"What is this strange dream?" she thought. "Why everything isn't shadowy and changeable as things usually are. Each object is distinct and different from the others. Some are dull and others bright, why these must be what Aunt Lucile calls colors."

As a cadence in the slow, sweet music was reached, a beautiful young woman with golden hair and large deep blue eyes emerged from the twilight and held the rose toward Thersa. Never in all her dreams had she imagined anyone so fair as she.

"How wonderful you are!" she said softly. "Are you Elizabeth and is this the evening star?"

"Yes, Thersa, this is the evening star but I am not Elizabeth. I am your mother and you are to live here with me always."

Softer and softer the music grew until the last sustained chord could no longer be heard. The moonlight coming in at the window fell on Thersa's closed eyelids. Thersa was sleeping, and the moon-beam which caressed her cheek and golden curls knew she would never waken.

MARGUERITE DAVIS, '13.

Alternating Currents

POPULAR MUSIC SELECTIONS

"I Do Love Your Eyes"—"Walt" Davis.

"Two Little Love Bees"—"Jus" and "Dot."

"That's How I Need You"—George Weaver.

They say that Lord Byron loved Liberty, but did not know its real meaning. If you want any information concerning "Liberty" just ask "Herb" Bradley or Frank Bescher.

Mr. Whisnand (on a car coming from the east)—"I want off at Ninth street."

Conductor—"We are now a block past Ninth." Everyone in the car laughs.

Mr. Whisnand (rattled)—"Well, I want off at some street just so I can get to High School."

FOR SALE

A watch owned by a man with Rumely movements. Inquire, Aubrey Taylor Minor.

Some scales owned by boys that are not well balanced. See W. Ball, M. Monarch, C. Curtis.

A dictionary belonging to a man full of illustrations. Inquire, W. O. Wissler.

Junior (to "Fritz" Cates)—"Don't you want to buy some tickets to the Arcade, 'Fritz'?"

F. C.—"No, I have two now. I'm going twice."

Junior—"Huh! I'll bet that's a little 'White' lie."

FOR RENT

A house owned by a man with a bay window. Inquire, F. L. Torrence.

"Why are the Underhills like young Spaniards?"

"Because their father blew up the 'main'."

Willard R. (reciting on old methods of punishment, in civics class)—"They'd clip off their tongues and ears, and just muss 'em up something awful."

Photographer Dalbey (after looking for three and a half minutes at Miss Laning, while trying to arrange the group for the staff picture)—"I don't know what to do with that tall girl standing there."

Ashes to ashes, dust to dust,
If Latin doesn't kill me,
Geometry must.—*A Junior.*

Miss Finfrock—"What kind of people inhabited Germany before history began?"

Fred Lohman—"Indians."

Whoever thinks these jokes are poor
Would straightway change his views.
Could he compare the jokes we print,
With those that we refuse.

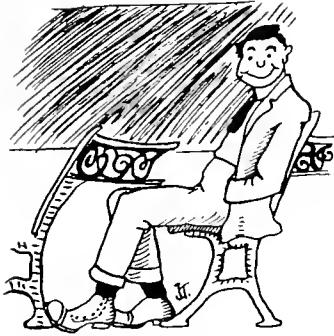
—*Old English Ballad.*

DAY BY DAY



Calendar

SEPTEMBER



SEPT. 16.

16. Once more we assemble in dear old R. H. S. Already we are planning to "bluff" teachers, "ditch" classes, and put in operation other forms of amusement, all of which we are perfectly capable of carrying out.

19. Orville Boone (in English History)—"Matilde was the first woman king England ever had."

22. On account of it being Sunday, there was no school today.

24. Ruby Crowel was arrested for having too much avoirdupois on one square inch.

OCTOBER

2. Walter Davis (meeting Elizabeth Marvel)—"What are you doing in this part of the building?" Elizabeth Marvel—"Oh, I've got to go this way to get there."

7. Hazel Dafler—Harry Bockoff—Hazel Mashmeyer. He could be with either were t'other fair charmer away.

14. Karl Haner returned after another forced vacation.

22. Aubrey Minor was discovered reading "The Flirt." With all due respect to his feelings, we wish to advise him to beware of bad literature and the naughty, naughty girls.

25. Esther Coate (running against the side of the door)—"Really, I must be gaining in weight. I can't get through the door."



OCT 14.



NOV. 1.

30. The advanced German class gained much honor by *not* presenting the German play, "Als Verlobte Empfehlen Sich—"

NOVEMBER

1. The Seniors gave a Hallowe'en party in the "gym." Although frightened at every turn by ghosts, ice-cold hands, etc., we survived the shock enough to appear at school the next day.

5. On which a note was found in which Fay Drake declared she never cared for anyone but herself until she met Paul Sherer.

12. Night School begins. A faculty "case" develops on first evening.

14. "Skeet" Myers—"If all rabbits were like the one in the 'Spring Maid,' believe me, I'd be a huntsman."

19. Night School again. Another faculty "case" develops. What are we coming to?

20. We are usually favored by excellent chapel exercises, and this morning we were especially favored by having an opportunity to hear Mrs. Krueger's beautiful voice.

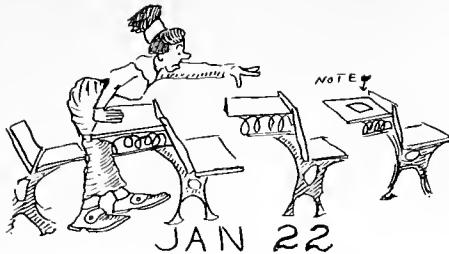
28. For this vacation which we are about to receive, may we be truly thankful.

DECEMBER

19. The dear little Juniors brought their toys



DEC. 19.



up to the "gym" and held a Christmas party. So far, no accidents have been reported.

25. Christmas. We awoke hoping that dear old Santa crammed our stockings as full of presents as our teachers cram our "heads" with

knowledge.

30. The only visible sign of a threatened vacation strike is an absence list about two feet long; the only audible sign is the monotonous "I don't know."

31. Mr. Thompson was so nervous on this last day of leap year that he left school early, thus escaping for another four years.

JANUARY

1. New Year's Day. The teachers listened in vain for the fluttering of leaves.

5. The idea of Florence being afraid of a mouse when she isn't afraid of a "Lyon."

10. Paul Miller (when asked concerning his seeming agitation)—"Heavens, this collar is so tight it is making cider out of my Adam's apple."

15. Um! My lips are sore this morning."

22. Rose Ferling (looking at a note two seats away)—"So near and yet so far!"

23. Won't somebody please tell Leo what is in the PIERIAN about him?

26. "Oh, Horrors! Ed Williams has a new case."

28. "Why, Mary, if you don't say your prayers you won't go to heaven." "I don't care; I want to go where Harry goes."

30. Ida Fay Smith read the "Mer-



chant of Venice." It was thoroughly enjoyed, as all of her readings are.

FEBRUARY

3. Final Exams begin.

4. Final Exams continue.

5. Final Exams end. Of all sad words of tongue or pen, the saddest are, "I've flunked again."

6. Karl Haner—"Skeet," what did you get in your English exam?" "Sixty-seven, what'd you get?" "Oh, Heavens, did you get that much?"

7. Teachers served "lemons" à la carte. The school presented Mr. Neff, the retiring principal, with a gold watch in token of its appreciation of his efficient services.

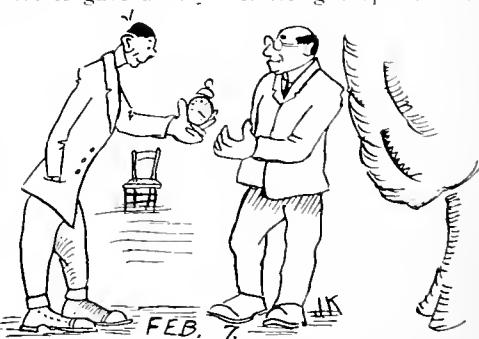
8. Charles Curtis appeared for the first time in long trousers. He is to be complimented on the manner in which he wore them, for it showed much careful practice.

10. Our "Lyon" used to have a very thin "Coate," but lately it has become "Marvel"-ously thick.

12. Mr. Fred White gave a very interesting chapel talk on Lincoln.

14. The building is artistically decorated with valentines. This is nothing new, however, as we have a permanent collection of comic ones, including a "Cupid."

26. Appointments made for the PIERIAN staff. Had we only known



what we are getting into! But we "have borne our faculties so meek."

27. Rose, Florence and Hazel, singing "Hide Behind Me," wear their "gym" suits for the first time.

MARCH

1. Kent had a kiss the other day which he divided among three girls! Naughty, naughty Kent!

3. Civics students, accompanied by Mr. Wissler, went down to tell the city council how to run the city, but became so frightened by the mayor's "big stick" that they kept respectfully quiet.

5. Father Cronin, of St. Mary's Church, gave a very interesting address in chapel. As we left the building this noon, a moving picture man took our pictures, and we shall soon be able "to see oursils as ither see us."

7. The civics students went to a trial at the court house, and after the trial were conducted through the jail by the sheriff. Mr. Wissler gave a sigh of relief when we were all safely out of the insane ward, and now he has decided to take us through Easthaven.

8. Frank Bescher has just found the answer to a very vital question. While mopping up a bottle of ink spilt on the floor of the art room, he suddenly cried out, at the same time making a tragic gesture with his mop rag, "Aha! why girls leave home!"

12. President Heckert, of Wittenberg College, spoke in chapel. We are wondering whether or not Mr. Thompson took the part about the circus parade seriously.

13. Try-out for the interscholastic debating team. Kent Morse, Cora Gates, and Howard Messick win.

14. 1913 Festival. This was the most successful affair, both socially and financially, ever undertaken by



the school. It was thoroughly enjoyed, from the Royal Bengal Tiger to "The Junction."

17. The "Freshies" don't seem to appreciate the fact that they need no adornment to celebrate St. Patrick's Day.

18. Lost, strayed, or stolen—a royal Bengal tiger, in the form of a large yellow cat. Finder please return to the High School building.

19. A pretty musical program was rendered by Professor Hicks and Miss Peltz. PUZZLE—What was behind the piano in room 32?

20. Martha Smith (displaying her picture)—"Isn't it pretty. I think it looks just like me." Classical Club formed.

21. Senior spread, where you get something almost for nothing—including indigestion. If you don't believe it, ask "Tenderfoot" Minor. The Freshmen's pride received a serious blow when they were so ingloriously beaten by Garfield. P. S.—Ray Dalbey played, but don't tell anybody.

22. Marjorie Wiltrot is so fond of Latin that she heads all her love letters "Latin VIII."

23. "Cupid" Land is still indignant over the fact that just because he fell down at the Festival his faithful policemen arrested him for blockading the public highway.

24. From the long absence list it is apparent that Easter eggs do not agree with everybody.





26. Hubert Smith, accompanied by Mildred Schalk, gave two 'cello solos. Boys desiring to grow a fringe for their upper lip, should attend Chicago University. President Kelly, of Earlham, gave an interesting talk on vocational training.



27. Professor Mazel, of Switzerland, gave an interesting address to the German students. The High School contributed twenty-eight dollars to the fund for relief of the Dayton flood sufferers.



28. We regret to say that on account of blockaded traffic Kent will not be able to get his new suit in time for next Sunday night.

31. Our old friend, Mr. Waldrip, commonly known as "Drip," visited school today.

APRIL

1. No school today. April fool, no such good luck.

2. Marie Peed says she always likes to have the blinds down in chapel, as it affords such a good opportunity to take a nap.

3. The Juniors rent the Arcade Theater. The venture is a success.

5. No water in school. "Cupid" Land and several others shocked some of the teachers by buying intoxicating liquors in the form of red pop at the "Waldorf Sanitarium."

10. Florence—"Marie, may I borrow your pen?" "Yes, but why the formality of asking for it?" "Why, I couldn't find it."

14. Everybody drinking water from oil cans. A toast to John D.

15. If you want to know the proper time to develop a "Spring Case," ask "Toady" Beck.

30. A beautiful day. Mr. Arnold and Miss Rush absent from classes.

MAY

1. The usual symptoms of spring fever manifest themselves.

2. Kokomo is taught a few principles of debating.

7. Miss Kraft smiles in chapel. Bully for Miss Kraft!



MAY I

27. The PIERIAN went to press. Certain members of the staff were carried home on stretchers.

JUNE

4. Last chapel of the year. "R's" were given.

7. The PIERIAN is distributed. Editors leave the city. Seven members of the "Jokes" Committee wounded in pitched battle with masked desperadoes, fought in south corridor, third floor. Four of the wounded may survive. Aubrey Minor seriously injured while trying to understand one of the jokes. H. Messick says that the "shots" at him are "warm ones." Mr. Arnold thinks the book is "rotten."

9. Final examinations for Juniors, Sophs., and Freshmen.



JUNE. 13

13. Commencement. We begin to end and end to begin.

Our school is done,

And sorrow mingleth with thoughts of delight,
As we think of leaving our High School.
To take part in Life's grand fight.

But we see Life's glowing beacon
Gleam through the future's mist,
And a feeling of purpose comes o'er us,
That our hearts cannot resist.

Hard Lines

"**H**ERE, I knew she'd desert the post when it came to a pinch, though she promised this morning, to study diligently, when Mr. C—— announced an English 'exam' for tomorrow,"—and "Moody and Lovett" flapped his green covers sullenly.

"Oh, well, I'm not worrying," chuckled a voice from the other side of the desk, "she knows from experience what happens if she doesn't study theorems."

"That's all right for you, smarty. She can make up a lot of stuff about you that no respectable book ever contained between its covers. The idea of her saying that Cromwell was the leader of the French Revolution! I thought the teacher's hair would turn gray from sheer amazement, but—"

"Arma virumque cano. Troiae qui primus ab or—"

"Mercy! What's the matter with the creature?"

"If you didn't sing so much about "arms and the man," perhaps we wouldn't be deserted now,"—in a peevish mumble from the book-rack.

"Well," meekly, "I was just trying to see if I still knew myself. I've been misquoted so often that I began to think I really must be deformed.

"Ach Himmel! There's nothing the matter with you, except that you are centuries too old."

"Loon. You needn't talk so loftily. I heard her saying just

the other day in class that you positively made her blush just to translate you."

"Well, that was a very exceptional case and I ——."

"That's it," put in Hamlet, "you're either so soft you make me blush, or so dry that Pope's 'Essay on Man' seems heaven in comparison."

"Who's lofty now? 'People who live in glass houses,' you know—"

"Yes, that's why you're in disgrace now. Cheer up and be manly. Don't blubber so. It's entirely uncalled for."

"W-well, b-but when they were studying B-Bobby Burns and Sh-Shelley, she couldn't get enough of me, and n-now, even in class, she'd rather write n-notes and get c-canned than r-read me."

"Oh, come out of it. You have no excuse for complaint. The other night when her mother asked her why she was reading 'Far From the Madding Crowd' instead of studying, she said she had gone into the library in the dark and picked it up by mistake. And I'm about one-fifth as large," finished "Immensee" in disgusted emphasis.

"You aren't very immense," said Hamlet, shyly.

"That'll do for you. For one who is supposed to be so classical, you do make the worst attempts at puns. There, you see, you've hurt his feelings. It's a sore spot with him,—sojourning in a foreign land."

"You haven't any room to talk, Hamlet. You, who are in doubt as to whether your parentage is Shakespearian or Baconian."

"Well, I don't care; I'm happy in being as famous as I am," returned that irresponsible person, rustling his leaves gaily.

"People who are as frivolous as that don't live in lasting favor," Virgil snapped sourly.

"Humph! It seems to me you aren't very much in favor. Anyhow, it's a case of sour grapes with you. You have too many of her notes to hide, to enjoy life much," Hamlet related, turning a pitying smile on his neighbor.

"Sh! Stop your quipping! Here she comes!"

"Horrors! Here it is eleven o'clock and I simply can't stay up to study now. I'll leave it and get up about five in the morning. How I'd like to throw you all in the fire, you hateful old things!"

"I knew it!" grumbled "Solid," as footsteps retreated up the stairs. "She'll get up at seven o'clock, nearly swallow me whole with her breakfast, and break my binding studying me on the way to school. But, such is life!"

EMILY FLETCHER, '13.



Two Pierian "Props."



There once was a fellow named Tom
Who to Room 38 oft did come,
He would draw a cartoon
In the late afternoon,
And would get "all but the lettering" done.

Russell Stout, an active young man,
Did work for the "PIERIAN,"
He would ever typewrite
Until late at night,
And at morn he'd be at it again.



Sense and Nonsense

WE WONDER—

Why Ed Williams has changed rose colored sox for plaid ones.
Why they call Ross Lyons "Red."
Why R. H. S. can't win a game of Basket Ball.
Why the Seniors have broken their record and let such a quiet winter pass.
Why Monday's always blue.
Why Spring Fever sets in so early.
Why Carl Haner hasn't been "canned."
Why Mr. Kelly doesn't comb his hair pompadour.
Why all the girls think "Windy" is so cute.
Why Leo J. goes home past the county jail.
Why they call Horatio Land "Cupid."
Why S. Phillips didn't play against Centerville.

Maybe Helen M. can't make a good recitation, but you ought to hear her "Reid."

Edgar Loehr (to Warren Beck, while Warren was cleaning his wheel)—"Perty good one, ain't she?" (Meaning bicycle.)

Warren (thinking of Mable Logan)—"Oh, she's a peach."

The "Land" on South Eighteenth Street, formerly owned by Ed Williams, has been given to Justian McCarthy, because of the attention he has been giving it. This was a great loss to Mr. Williams, and we all extend to him our heartfelt sympathy.

Aubrey's favorite song is, "I Want a Girl."

Ich weisz nicht was soll es bedeuten,
Dasz ich so traurig bin.
Ich habe mein Deutsche vergessen,
Und musz rely on mein Sinn.

Miss Fosler is kühl und sie chuckles,
Und ruhig lacht sie in glee
Als sie glaubt dasz sie wird man flunken,
Ach Himmel! Kann das be me.

My dear, beloved Geometry,
I now bid thee farewell,
How diligently I've studied thee
No tongue but mine can tell.
The integrals I'll see no more,
The propositions I'll forget,
The G. E. D.'s, the theroms all,
I'll leave without regret.

—A Junior.

If there were a boy in High School
Of fair Horatio's size,
Who had H. Messick's line of talk,
And Herbert Bradley's eyes;
If he dressed just like "Monk" Davis,
And had Shofer's nerve to try,—
Should he borrow Alvy's "Pilot,"
Do you think that he'd get by?

—Perpetrator Unknown.

TOO LATE TO CLASSIFY

June 5—Mr. Arnold offers editors five dollars to leave out all jokes on him.

June 6—Interclass Meet.

June 11—The Senior Play, "A Pair of Spectacles."

June 12—Junior-Senior Picnic.

June 13—Commencement.



“R”—A Fragment of a High School Girl’s Diary

MAY 28—

O dear, what a day! Nothing but bad luck! Slept too long this morning, and in my hurry, I’m sure I must have gotten out on the wrong side of bed. Didn’t get to eat any breakfast, and was late to school! I didn’t care so much for the breakfast, but oh, I do need that one that was taken off my pretty nearly exhausted “interest” grade for tardiness. Then—it never rains but it pours—an unexpected chapel was called, taking the only hour I had to study geometry; consequently I received a zero for knowing absolutely nothing about the theorem. I hate theorems, especially the one about “the square of the hypotenuse equals the sum of the squares on the other two legs,” etc.! That one fairly makes me weak in the knees! I certainly breathed a sigh of relief when the morning was over. But oh! that fatal afternoon! Will I ever forget it? No! nor the awful, awful moment when Mr. Wissler, who had charge of “thirty-four” the sixth hour, arose from his seat behind the desk and in his deep, sonorous voice said, “I have here a note from a Senior to a Freshman, that I should like to read to you people.” Then the contents of that note were placed before the inquisitive, expectant students. I wouldn’t have cared so much, but it was from Roy, who just told me not to be afraid of Mr. Wissler, that he was only a “bluff,” etc., mostly etc. My poor face when he said the Freshman was in the room! Of course, everyone began

asking each Freshman if it were he, and I just joined in and averted all questions put to me. Well! I’m completely exhausted, and think I shall go to bed and forget it all,—only I’m sure I shall have a horrid nightmare.

JUNE 5—

My, I’ve quite neglected this diary; but then I’ve been living such a strenuous life lately. It’s nearing the end of the term, and with the finals coming on and the other things just the opposite from finals, I have hardly had time to eat, much less write. But this day certainly must be recorded. I wonder why it is that, when the end of the term draws near, students (I mean perfectly normal ones, of course) always want to do something to get the better of the teachers? I don’t intend to answer that question, for it would mean working my brain unnecessarily. But it’s true that I did want to do something wicked, so I dared Bee and Katy to cut an hour of school and go down to Prices’ and ask for a soda with three straws and three spoons. They took the dare and we set the next hour (a study hour for all of us) as the best time. So the next rest period we crept slowly, quietly down the back stairs to the side door. After reaching the side door we crept along the side of the building, keeping close to the wall so that we wouldn’t be seen from the windows. Then—a wild dash across the alley—and we were

safe; at least we couldn't be seen from the school. On reaching Prices' we seated ourselves at a table and when the waiter came, Katy gave the order in a sputtering, embarrassed voice, "One soda with three straws and three spoons, please." Bee and I were unable to do anything but giggle. The waiter looked at all of us, and said in a hesitating voice, "Er—do you mean it?" Katy, forgetful of manners, answered, "Sure." At this the waiter quickly disappeared. After communicating with the other waiters, probably stating that he thought we were crazy, he returned with the one lonely soda. Katy gave him the dime and we all "fell to," each trying to take a harder pull on the straw than the other. By this time we were laughing so hard that it was a rather difficult process. My pull was too much for my swallowing capacity, and most of it found its way down my wind-pipe. Then followed a wild dash down the length of the ice-cream parlor, I trying to get my breath. Katy assisted much by pounding me vigorously on the back. Thank goodness, we had the room to ourselves, for it's hard telling what an audience would have thought of us. Bee and Katy got most of the soda that was left, I being afraid to try it again; although I did manage by heroic efforts to get a spoonful of ice-cream. We were fairly exhausted from laughing so hard, but as soon as we got out into the air we felt better, and decided to go to Nixon's, farther down the street. There we asked for a carmel sundae with three spoons. As soon as the waiter had gotten over the shock and had stammered, "Is—is—that all, ladies?" followed by three suppressed giggles and an affirmative nod of three heads, he left our table. We had just sobered down to a fairly dignified attitude when the waiter placed one glass of water and a small glass cup of ice-cream, with carmel syrup, and three tiny spoons, right in front of me. Well, it did look like such a tiny lot for three big girls, that even the waiter grinned. I took the first drink of water, and left the rest to be divided be-

tween Kate and Bee. Katy took the next drink, leaving just one little drop for Bee. Again gaining the street, we found that we had just two minutes before our next class began. We hurried into a side street, and then began what I called a hundred yard dash. We slipped into the building with less cautiousness than we went out, sprang up the back stairs four steps at a time, and rushed into our class-room just as the bell rang. Of course, such red faces, flying hair and puffy breaths had to be accounted for, and as Kate and Bee could say nothing when the question was put to them, I had to save the situation by saying, "Oh, we just came up from the gym, and we were afraid we were going to be late to class." A deliberate lie, I know, and I am ashamed of myself, but what else could I do? I hope I'll be forgiven.

JUNE 13—

Ah! What a lovely day this has been. An ideal day—and the Senior Class looked beautiful. I never have seen, nor ever expect to see such a stunning class of Seniors. The girls were very beautiful in their white middy suits and red ties, and the boys were also very handsome in their white suits. High School ought certainly to feel proud of that class, and the oncoming classes will have to "go some" in order to equal them. The Coliseum with its many banners looked very beautiful. One thing I am thankful for, and that is the fact that I got through in everything. I've had to pinch myself at least a dozen times today to be sure that I was not dreaming. This has been a lovely term of school, and I have worked pretty hard—hard as a person like me should work—and the best part of all is that my interest grade was a little above twenty per cent., and now, hip—hooray—I'm off tomorrow for the house party, —so farewell, dear old diary, till next semester.

FLORENCE KAMPE, '14.

Custodians of the High School



ALFRED W. DINGLEY, *Head Janitor*
JOHN N. LANTZ
WILLIAM F. KLOPP
MORTON M. CHENOWETH
CHARLES H. BROWN, *Engineer*

WILLIAM McGREW

[EDITOR'S NOTE—Mr. McGrew was ill at the time the group picture was taken.]

THE END







